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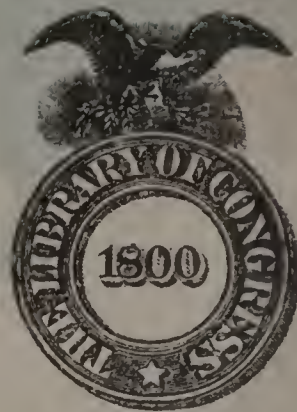
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# IT HAPPENED IN ENGLAND

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*Anthony, Ann, Tuppence and the lambs*



# It Happened in England

*By*

MARIAN KING

*Author of*

*KEES, KEES AND KLEINTJE, SKEETA, BOY OF POLAND,*

*SEAN AND SHEELA, PICCOLINO, etc.*



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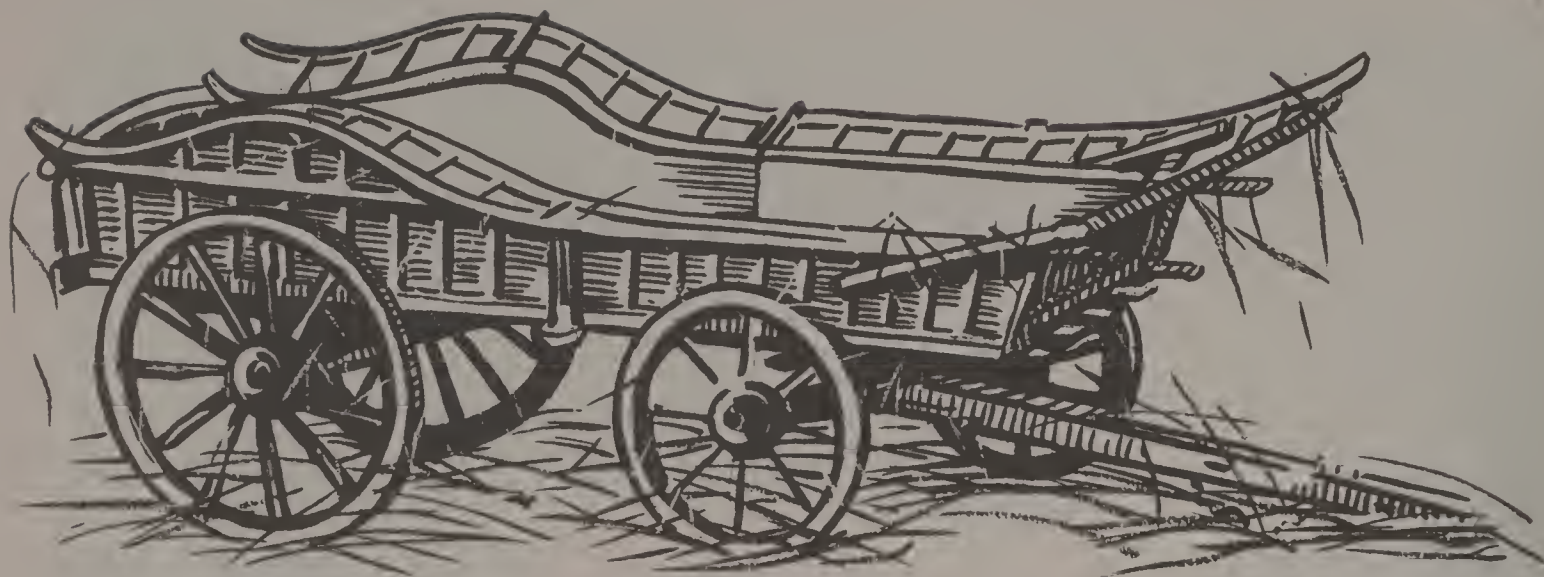
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## FOREWORD

I wish to acknowledge my sincere appreciation to the following for their generous help and criticism while writing my book in England: Major Neville Swinney and Mr. Geoffrey Bell of the War Office; The Major and Superintendent of the Royal Mews of Buckingham Palace; The Office of Works and the High Commissioners' Offices of the Dominions and Colonies for the correct data used in the Coronation chapter.

I am indebted to Miss D. Hartley for her kind permission to quote her translation of the "Old Spinning Song" from her book, *Here's England*, and to G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., for their permission to retell in my own words the old folk tale of Juliana Horatia Ewing's "The Fiddler in the Fairy Ring," from her collection *Old Fashioned Fairy Tales*.

May I take this opportunity to thank my good friends Mr. Walter de La Mare and Mr. Giulio Gelardi, whose kindness and guidance throughout have been a revelation.

MARIAN KING  
Carlton Hotel  
London, England

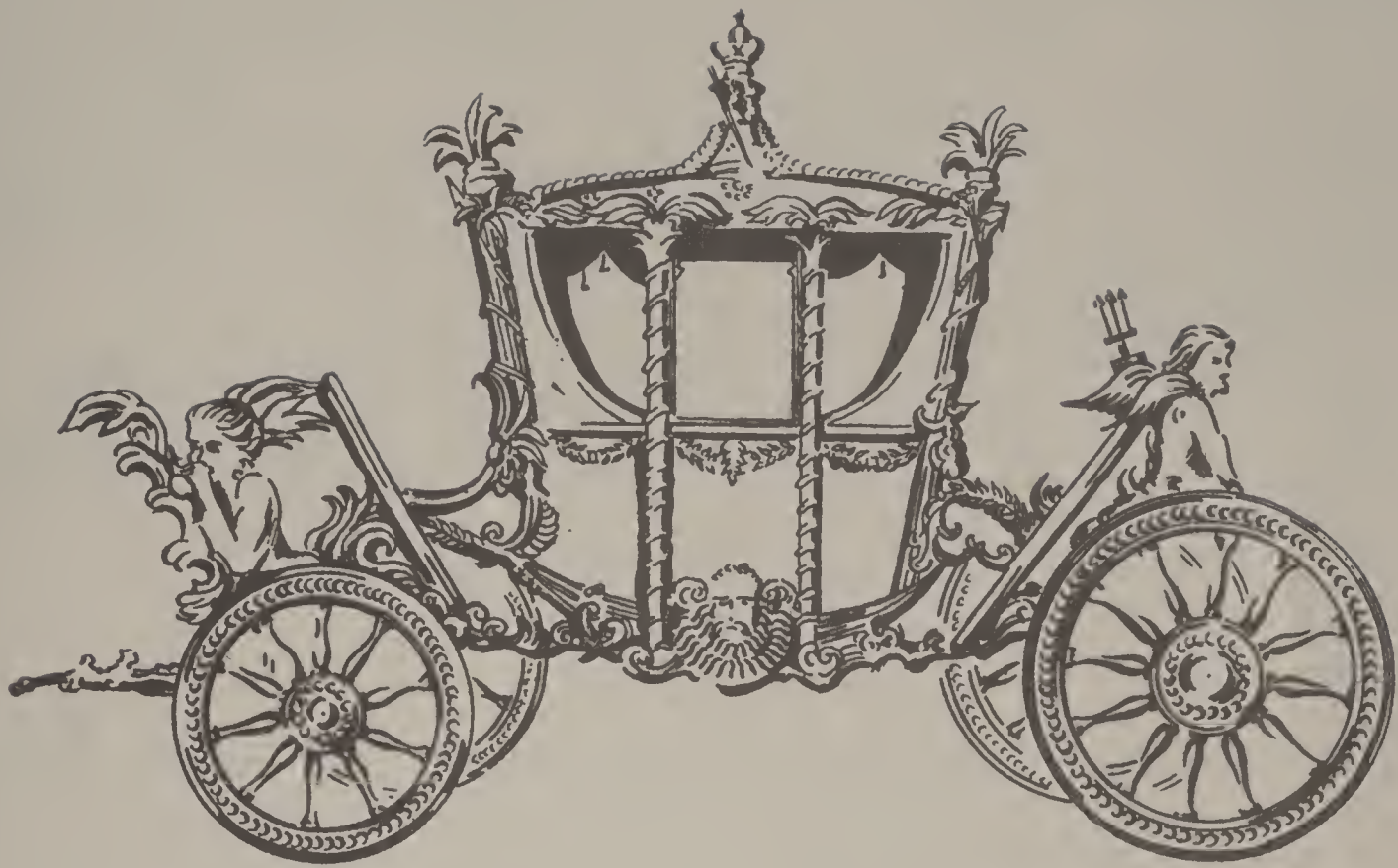
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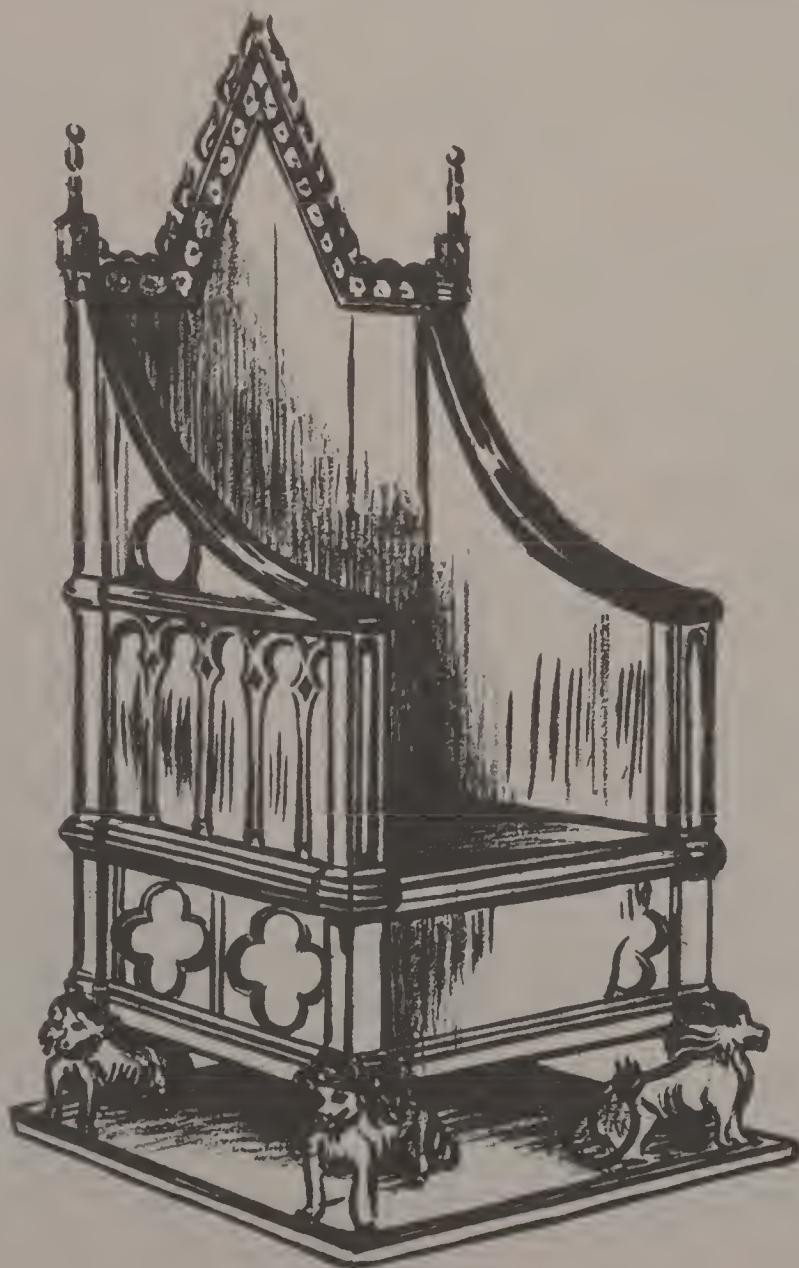


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To the loving memory of my Father and Mother,  
to whom I owe much and who made it possible for  
me to write this book on England; and to my young  
nephews, Joseph Burton and John Michel King,  
whom I hope will have as happy a childhood as  
Anthony and Ann, I dedicate this book.

Marian King





*"Now," he commanded gently. "Roll over. Sit up, beg, and salute!"*



## Chapter I

### A BUSY AFTERNOON



T was springtime in England. A late afternoon sun danced over the foliage of the copper beeches that cast their shadows on the grey stone roof of an old Cotswold farmhouse.



In the back garden a rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed girl with brown, wavy hair sat perched on a large saddle stone. She was laughing at her brother on the path in front of her, as he put a young wire-haired terrier through his tricks.

"Tony!" she gasped, delighted at the performance. "Make Tuppence do it again. Just once more."

The boy reached in his pocket. "Tuppence!" he smiled at the white curly-haired dog with a round black spot in the middle of his back and a patch of tan over his right eye. "Once more, and it's yours!" He held a puppy biscuit at arm's length.

Tuppence looked first at the tempting morsel, then at his master, and wagged a hopeful tail.

"Not until you've done it again. Then you can have it." Tony's voice was firm. "Now," he commanded gently. "Roll over. Sit up. Beg, and salute!"

Meekly Tuppence dropped to the ground, rolled on his back, sat on his hind legs and waved a hairy paw twice across his face.

"Well done, Tuppence. Jolly good," Tony cried, as he tossed him the well-earned biscuit.

Ann slid to the ground. "Listen, Tony, listen. It's Peter!" A smile crept across her face as she heard the deep voice of the farm hand and the amusing old song he sang as he drove the cows home through the pasture.

Clearly the words drifted toward them:

"John Cook had a little grey mare:

Hee, haw, hum.

Her back stood up, and her bones were bare:

Hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shutter's bank:  
Hee, haw, hum.  
His mare fell down, and she made her will:  
Hee, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf:  
Hee, haw, hum.  
If you want any more you may sing it yourself:  
Hee, haw, hum."

As the song ended Tony exclaimed: "Let's go and—"  
"Anthony! Ann!"

The children turned quickly around.

At the sight of Cook in the doorway Ann darted up the path. "Are Mummy and Daddy home?"

"Are they?" Tony asked eagerly, as he followed with Tuppence trotting at his heels.

"Not yet." The woman shook her head as she stepped into the large clean kitchen. "It's watercress I need."

"Watercress!" Tony's face brightened. He always liked to gather the little green sprigs from the brook that ran beside the old sailor's cottage. Winking at Ann he offered: "We'll fetch it! Perhaps," he smiled to himself, "Old John will be at home and have something new to show us!" Tony was thinking of the many trinkets and souvenirs in John's cottage, and the little carved figures he made from pieces of wood. Almost as though she had guessed what was in his mind, Cook added:

"You might leave this at Old John's, you'll be close by."

She handed Ann a white paper parcel.

The girl ran her fingers lightly over the thin wrapping.  
"Scones."



"And I'll take this." Tony pulled a smooth block of wood from the basket beside the big black range. "He can always use it, you know."

"Now off with you and don't stay too long!" The woman glanced at the clock. "You want to be here when your father and mother return, and tea will be ready." She walked toward the larder off the kitchen.

"Come, Tuppence," Tony called to the terrier, sniffing about the room for stray scraps of food. "Come on. We'll show Old John your tricks." He opened the cupboard and thrust two biscuits into his pocket.

Tuppence barked with delight, running gaily before them, as they stepped into the sunshine.

At the cowshed Tony looked over the top of the half door. "Peter," he called to the farm hand, "we're off to Old John's for watercress, and I'm taking him this." He held up the piece of wood.

"Hurry back. I'll need some help now that your father's away." The man grinned as he looked up from a pail of warm milk.

"We will." Tony hurried to overtake Ann, already at the end of the garden path, gazing at the rows of blooming polyanthus, red as beetroot, the dusty miller, white like snow, and the forget-me-nots, bluer than the sky.

That morning Father had lifted specimens of the plants from their beds, to place them in brown earth in a dark blue flower box, ready to travel to London. How proud Mummy looked as she sat next to him in the train with the gay-colored flowers on her lap. Today Mummy and Daddy were in London showing the blossoms to Uncle



*Tuppence barked with delight, running gaily before them*



James, who was placing orders for floral decorations to be used on the windowsills of his hotel on the Coronation route.

"Every one of the Coronation colors." Tony's eyes sparkled as he joined his sister and looked at the rows of red, white and blue. "If we could only see the Procession! But the seats cost too much!" he sighed regretfully.

"I do hope Daddy gets the order," Ann said, "and Uncle James likes them."

"Well, he should." Tony was quite indignant. "But we'll soon know." He stooped for a stone and paused before throwing it. "I say, Ann, we'd better hurry or Mummy and Daddy will be back before we are. Come on, Tuppence," he called, "go fetch it." He pitched the pebble down the path ahead of him.

In the distance wreaths of blue smoke curled from the chimneys of cottages and farmhouses that dotted the rolling slopes of the Cotswold hills. Green hawthorn hedges glistened in the sunlight, and apple and cherry trees made a fairy garden of pink and white spring blossoms. Clumps of gorse glowed golden against grey stone walls. Young lambs were bleating as they frisked beside their mothers in the green fields.

"This way, Tuppence. This way," Tony beckoned. They started down the avenue bordered on both sides by tall, budding chestnut trees.

"Look, Tony, look!" Ann skipped ahead as they turned into the lane leading through a small wood. "The bluebells are coming out." Her sharp eyes had already caught the glint of smoky blue where the wild hyacinths, a regu-

lar carpet of them, were springing up between the trees.

"And it won't be long before the whole place will be filled with them," Tony returned. He knew every inch of the surrounding fields and woods, and the habits and haunts of the little animals that lived and played in them. He knew where the birds were likely to build their nests, and when and where the wild flowers would bloom.

As they reached the footbridge over the brook, Tup-pence scampered down the bank as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Tony let the block of wood slide to the ground. "Tup-pence!" he shouted. "Come back here! Come back!" He dashed after the terrier and grabbed a hind leg just as his front paws dipped into the stream. He tucked the yelping animal under his arm. "If you had to have a bath," Tony scolded, "you'd run and hide, but you're always ready to go for a swim on your own. Not this time, old fellow." He started to climb back up the bank, but paused to stare at Ann, leaning over the railing.

"There's a whole bed of cress. There, down there!" She pointed toward a garden of leafy green sprigs growing out of the water near the bridge.

"We'll gather it when we come back!" Tony was anxious to get on. He stooped for the wood and tightened his hold on the wriggling dog.

As they hurried up the path they could see shoots of fresh young grass on the roof of the old stone cottage.

Tony put Tup-pence down as they neared the doorway.

The figure of an old man was bent over a long table. His penknife nicked here and there, as he put the final touches



to a little figure he had been whittling. As he worked he hummed.

The children heard the tune and started to sing.

Old John started, looked up, smiled, then chanted with them:

"I saw a ship a-sailing  
A-sailing on the sea:  
And it was full of pretty things  
For baby and for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin,  
And apples in the hold:  
The sails were made of silk,  
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors  
That stood between the decks:  
Were four-and-twenty white mice,  
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,  
With a package on his back:  
And when the ship began to move,  
The captain cried, "Quack, quack!"

"Why, bless me! Ann and Anthony Edwards. What a fine surprise. Come in. Do come in." The seaman greeted them. "I'm just finishing up." He grinned and closed his knife.

"I've brought you this." Tony laid the block on the table.

"What a fine piece!" Old John said. He examined the wood. "It'll do very nicely," and he smiled gratefully at the boy.



*The figure of an old man was bent over a long table*



"And Cook sent you these." Ann set the scones beside Tony's gift.

"Thank her." Old John opened the parcel. "Do thank her. They will go very well with my tea."

"And Tuppence has some new tricks," Tony boasted proudly, whistling to the terrier.

In the doorway Tuppence cocked his shaggy head to one side, wagged his tail, then walked into the cottage.

"Let me see them." Old John patted the dog's head.

"Look, Tony!" Ann's eyes were round with excitement as she gazed at the new model in front of her on the table. "It's a ship. A real battleship," she exclaimed, bending in delight over the miniature ship.

"It's after the one I sailed on." Old John told them, smiling at the memory of his seafaring days.

"Have you made any others?" Tony asked eagerly, forgetting Tuppence and his tricks.

"I should say I have," Old John exclaimed. He walked to an old sea chest at the far end of the room. From it he took a box holding five little carved figures: a sailor, a captain in full dress uniform, a pilot boat, a lighthouse and a little dog. He stood them in a row on the work bench beside the miniature warship, eyeing them with pride.

"If," Old John smiled as he lifted his eyes to a picture over the table, "if I could sell them, I'd buy a railway ticket; and I'd go to London and stand to see you ride in your own Coronation procession. And I'd wave and shout—and—" his voice faded away.

Tony and Ann gazed at the model of a young man in naval uniform, then quickly back at the picture on the wall.

"It's King George VI when he was a cadet."

"Once," Old John said, "when our King was in the Navy, he visited my ship—"

"That one," interrupted Ann, pointing to the latest model.

"One just like her," Old John went on. "He had not been in the service very long, but I could tell by the looks of him and the way he noticed things, that he had the makings of a real officer—yes, a real one! And," he finished loyally, "he's going to make us a fine King!"

"Think of it, Tony, Old John's actually seen the King."

The boy leaned over to get a better view of the various figures in front of him, then faced the old man. "Did you ever try to sell them?" he asked with interest.

"Not as yet. I've often thought of it, but that's as far as I've ever got," he answered. "But come. What about Tuppence and his tricks?"

At the sound of his name the sleepy terrier on the floor wagged his short little tail.

Tony ignored him. His mind was on other things. He reached for the figure of the officer in uniform. "I say!" His voice trembled with excitement. "Perhaps you could sell them to a shop in Stratford! I know one that has toys and—"

"In Stratford?" Old John stared at him.

"In Stratford," Tony repeated. "Don't you know Mr. Williams' shop—the one opposite the Post Office?"

"You mean—"

But Ann had caught the sound of a shrill whistle. "Tony, the train's in!" She and Tony hurried to the doorway.



They could see the engine pulling its long line of carriages into the station. "It's Mummy's and Daddy's train. We'd better hurry."

"But the watercress? What will Cook say?"

"Oh, bother Cook!" Tony retorted. "We'll get it tomorrow!"

"Watercress, did you say?" Old John stepped into the yard and walked to the side of the cottage. "Here's plenty of it!" He chuckled as he pulled three thick bunches out of a pail of water and put them in a basket, which he handed to Ann. "Take the basket along with you and bring it back later—any time will do. And Tuppence, too," he added. "I haven't seen his new tricks yet, you know!"

Ann took the basket gratefully. "Thanks ever so much," she cried as she ran off.

"Come on, Tuppence," Tony called. "I think I'd better carry you. We've got to hurry." He tucked the dog under his arm and started up the path, but turned and shouted to the old seaman in the doorway, "I'll ask Peter and Dad about the models. They'll know!"

Old John nodded smilingly, and watched the boy hurrying after Ann, now nearly at the bridge.

Silently the boy and girl walked up the lane.

As they entered the avenue Ann looked at her brother. "Oh, Tony!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if Peter and Daddy could help—I wonder if we can—oh, Tony, I wonder if—"

"Stop your wondering and come along." Tony was trying to think and did not want to be disturbed.

"Oh, well, we'll soon find out," and Ann darted ahead.

"Come on, Tuppence! We'll race her." Tony set the terrier down.

Soon gaining the lead, he smiled to himself as he heard a breathless voice behind him gasp, "Wait, Tony Please wait for me!"

At the gate he paused to reach for a handkerchief, laughing at the sight of his sister's face, scarlet from running. "Hurry, Ann. Can't you hurry? Fancy being so slow!" He teased. But he stopped long enough for her to catch up, and the two walked side by side toward the old farm house, while the sun sank leisurely behind the copper beeches.

Tuppence trotted after them.





## Chapter II

### PLANS AND SURPRISES

Ann left the basket of cress on the kitchen table. Quickly she climbed three stone steps leading into the dining room. "Mummy! Daddy!" she shouted joyfully to the sturdy farmer and the kind-looking woman beside him.

"Did you get the order? Did you?" Tony wanted to know.

His father's bronzed face, tanned by the wind, rain and sun, wrinkled slowly into a big smile. "Get your breath and—"



"Wash your hands and faces." Mother's brown eyes twinkled as she looked at the flushed faces before her.

"Oh, Tony! I wonder if Father got it! I wonder—" Ann peered over the top of a towel as she rubbed her face.

But Tony was already hurrying down the stone passageway.

As father, mother, boy and girl sat around the long oak table covered by a clean white cloth, Tony's eyes were focussed on Father helping himself to a toasted teacake.

Ann's hand trembled as she reached for a slice of thin buttered brown bread. Tony saw his father's mouth open. Impatiently he fidgeted in his chair and toyed with a fork, waiting for him to speak.

Father bit into the cake.

Tony's curious big blue eyes grew rounder. He could not keep his tongue quiet a second longer. "I say, Dad!" he blurted out. "Was Uncle James—did he give—? Oh, Dad, did you get the order?" Tony took a deep breath and slumped into his chair.

"The order?" Father laughed good-naturedly at the boy's anxious expression. He glanced at Mother, then turned to Tony again. "The order? What order?" He was pretending not to understand.

"The order for the flowers," Tony answered impatiently.

"You mean the one from Uncle James?" Father teased.

"Please tell us, please!" Ann begged.

"I shan't know," Father answered, "until Saturday."

"That's a whole week off. But why?" Ann asked, disappointed.

"There are many others competing," Father explained,

"and the board of directors has to decide as well as Uncle James."

"But didn't Uncle James say whether he liked them?" Tony was persistent.

"Your uncle thought they were fine healthy plants, and just the right colors for his windows, but he could say nothing more."

"Well, that's something!" And Tony helped himself generously to damson cheese.

"However—" father grinned.

Ann and Tony stared hopefully.

"Your uncle sent a message to each of you."

"A message?" Ann gulped.

Tony, excited, dropped his thickly spread piece of bread onto his plate as he watched Father reach into his pocket.

"Let me see, let me see." Father grinned, and pulled from a small packet of paper four white envelopes. "This one," he leaned toward Mother, "is for you. And this one," he laid the folder on the table, "is for me. And these," he reached out his hand toward the eager boy and girl—"are for Anthony and Ann."

"Ann, Ann!" Tony jumped up from the table. "It's a seat for the Coronation Procession, and we're to see it from Uncle James' hotel!" He waved a blue cardboard badge, with printed gold letters across the top and his name written in ink beneath.

"Oh, Mummy!" Ann hugged her mother. "Oh, Mummy," she clasped her tighter, "I wanted to see it so much and just to think we're actually going—all of us," she ended breathlessly.

"Act—ual—ly!" Tony muttered.

"Why, Tony!" Ann was puzzled, and looked at her brother staring into open space. "You said only this afternoon you wished you could see it—"

"I know. I know I did," Tony admitted. "But I was thinking of—"

"Thinking of what?" Ann was curious.

"Old John."

"Old John?" Father glanced anxiously at Mother, then faced the boy. "Has anything happened to him?" he asked, concerned over the retired seaman living alone in his little cottage. "Has it?" Father's tone was insistent.

Ann shook her head. "He's all right," she said, "but—"

"But what?" Father interrupted, relieved.

"I was only thinking," Tony said. His face brightened as he remembered the trim little models on the old man's table and the longing look in his eyes as he gazed at the picture of the King. Unconsciously he repeated aloud Old John's own words. "If I could sell them—"

"Sell what?" Father asked.

Tony looked straight across at Father. "His models!"

Ann's eyes were round with excitement. "He's made them with a knife out of wood. We saw them this afternoon. A battleship. A sailor. An officer in uniform. A lighthouse. A pilot boat and a little dog. Old John wants to sell them."

"Where does he say he wants to take them, and to whom?" Father asked with interest.

Tony stammered, "I thought that perhaps—"

"Tony thought," Ann began, "that—"



Tony picked up his courage again and finished the sentence. "I thought that you and Peter would take him with you the next time you went to Stratford to Mr. Williams' shop. And that perhaps Mr. Williams would buy or sell them for him. Then he could go and see the Coronation."

"He wants to see the Coronation, does he?"

Ann spoke up. "You see," she said wistfully, as her fingers played lightly over the gold lettering on the little blue badge on the table, "if Old John could sell his models he'd buy a railway ticket and—"

"He'd go to London and stand up all night to see the Procession." Tony smiled now that Father had all the details.

"So that's it!" Father chuckled and turned to Mother, whose eyes rested first on the boy, then on the girl as they finished their tale.

"Of course we'll take him to Stratford. But you know," Father looked through the window to the rows of blooming plants, "I have my garden to attend to just now. But we'll manage somehow," he assured them, and finished his tea.

"When will the models be ready?" Mother asked.

"They're finished now," Tony answered eagerly.

"But we can find out, just to be sure." Ann offered willingly. "We've got Old John's basket to take back to him." She smiled as Cook entered the room to clear the table. "He put some cress in it for us."

"Come along now." Father pushed back his chair. "We'll go and see Peter. Then I must water the garden before it gets too dark."

"Dad!" Tony called, as they walked through the kitchen, where Tuppence was eating his supper from a tin plate, "Tuppence has some new tricks."

Mother smiled happily, and watched them cross the yard in the early twilight.

In the dairy Peter was busy straining pails of foamy milk. He looked up as Father entered the large cool room. On seeing Tony and Ann, a broad grin spread across his kind face. "I thought I was going to have some help," he teased.

"We'll help now." Tony beckoned to Ann.

Carefully they lifted the bucket, and slowly emptied its contents into a large strainer. They listened to the gurgling sound of the milk as it trickled through the first sieve to the two smaller ones, and settled in the large container beneath them.

"A good supply of milk today," Peter said to Father. "Twenty-one gallons I believe, all told." He looked at Tony and Ann. "And I've got something to show you."

"What is it?" Ann asked.

"It'll have to wait until I'm finished here." Peter pointed to the three pails of foamy milk.

"Peter," Father asked, "do you need anything from Stratford?"

Breathlessly Tony and Ann waited for the reply.

"Let me think. Now, let me think." The farm hand scratched his head. "I don't need anything just now, except," he hesitated, "to take Mr. Fairchild his order of potatoes, but he won't need them for a fortnight or so."

"A fortnight or so." Tony gulped in disappointment.

Two weeks seemed like much too long a time to wait.

"But I never know," Peter added casually, and turned to his work.

"When you do go," Father said cheerfully, "you'll have another passenger, perhaps three!" He winked at the children. "Old John, Anthony and Ann have something important—very important—to attend to. So save room for them!"

"Old John?" Peter stared inquisitively. "Now what can be taking him to Stratford?" He scratched his head again.

"It's a secret," Father grinned. "But you'll soon know, doubtless very soon. And now I must get on." He chuckled softly to himself as he turned toward the garden.

"Daddy!" Ann called after him. "Daddy!"

Father turned.

"Let's keep it a secret. Between the six of us," she suggested, excited at the thought.

"The six of us!" Father exclaimed, laughing.

"Yes, six. You, Mummy, Tony, Peter, Old John, and me!"

Father patted the curly brown head. "Of course we will!"

"Peter," Ann announced, as she skipped back into the room, "it's to be a secret just between us."

Peter listened, nodding, while Ann and Anthony told him the mystery about Old John and his errand to Stratford.

"So that's it." He smiled when they finished.

"You'll take us to Stratford, won't you?" Tony asked.

"Indeed I will," the man answered. "But come along now. I've something to show you."





*Early twilight in the farmyard*

As Ann and Tony stepped through the doorway, Peter reached for two rubber-tipped feeding bottles and thrust them hurriedly into his pocket, then followed the boy and girl into the yard.

At the cowshed they stopped.

"It's another new calf!" Tony was thrilled at the thought.

"Well, we'll soon see." Peter smiled to himself as he led them past empty stalls until he came to the end of the shed. "Look over there—in that corner," he pointed. "They're yours."

"Mine!" Ann trembled as she stepped to the closed compartment and peered over the top. "Lambs! Two of them," she cried in surprise at the sight of the small, woolly animals, lying on a bed of straw.

"Lambs in a cowshed!" Tony laughed. "And I thought it was a new calf."

"That's a secret for you!" Peter grinned. "They've been here three weeks."

"Three weeks?" Tony exclaimed. "And I never found them! But who would have thought to look for lambs in a cowshed?" He chuckled at the idea.

Peter opened the gate and motioned to Ann. "Feed them slowly," he directed, as he handed the girl the bottles of milk.

Quietly Ann approached the fleecy creatures and knelt beside them, offering each a bottle.

"They're drinking it," Tony whispered excitedly, and watched the liquid getting lower and lower.

"Thank you ever so much. They're darlings." Ann



turned gratefully toward the farm hand standing near.

As they started out of the shed, Tony suddenly spoke up: "Ann, you could enter them in the parade at Shipston on May Day. I'm going to enter Tuppence, you know," he added proudly.

"The May Day parade," Ann murmured dreamily. Her thoughts flew to the program posted in the schoolroom announcing the events for children that would take place at the May Day Celebration in the nearby village. "Tony," she cried, with a sudden inspiration. "I'll train the lambs to follow on a lead, like Tuppence. And, I'll call them—oh, Tony, what shall I call them? You think of such good names always."

Tony laughed at Ann's bewildered face. "They're yours," he said. "You named all your other pets, and you can name these, too. I had enough trouble to find a name for Tuppence!" He turned to the frisky terrier bounding toward them.

"My chicken was Betty," Ann said aloud as she and Peter walked up the path.

"Your pig—Curly," the man helped her out.

"My cats—Jug and Bottle, and—" Just then Ann's foot caught in a twig.

Peter reached out a helping hand, but was too late.

Head over heels Ann rolled on the soft grass and bumped her head against the side wall of the shed.

"Jack fell down  
And broke his crown—"

Tony shouted, running up just as Peter helped her to her feet.



“Peter!” Ann smiled suddenly through misty eyes. “That made me think of it.” She brushed back a tear that trickled down her cheek. “I’m going to call them Jack and Jill!”

“Fancy that,” Peter chuckled as they started toward the house. “That’ll be a fine name for them.” And he chuckled again.





### Chapter III

#### ANTHONY AND PETER

The days flew swiftly by. Saturday came around almost before the children knew it. Ann sat up in bed that morning and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Quickly she shoved bare feet into slippers and reached for a dressing gown. She thrust her head through the window. "Today, we'll know whether you go to London!" she thought to herself, as she gazed at Father's flowers, still wet from an early morning rain.



“Maa—aaa! Maa—aa!” Jack and Jill bleated hungrily from their stall in the cowshed. “Maa—aa!” they called again.

“I’m coming! I’m coming!” Ann answered, as she turned to dress.

At the far end of the passageway a tap, tap, tapping on Tony’s windowpane awakened him. He lay listening. The tapping sounded again, and Tuppencc, curled on the eider-down, gave a low growl. Tony jumped out of bed and opened the window wider. “Peter!” he called to the farm hand in the yard below.

Peter raised a finger to his lips, then whispered, “I’m going to Chipping Campden. If you hurry you can come, too. Prince needs new shoes.” The big brown Shire cart horse, pride of the farm, stood shifting his enormous, heavily feathered legs as he waited in the yard.

“I’ll be ready in five minutes.” Tony whistled cheerfully as he slipped his sturdy legs into a pair of grey flannel shorts; while Tuppencc, stretched out on the floor, cocked his head to one side and watched him eagerly.

Hurriedly Tony ate his breakfast. He pulled a dark blue peaked cap from his blazer pocket and hastened into the yard with Tuppencc beside him. Halfway down the path, he stopped, for he saw Ann with a double lead rope in one hand guiding the lambs, and clutching two empty feed bottles in the other. “What are you doing up so early?” he asked inquisitively.

“Don’t you know what day today is?” Ann answered.

“Stupid! Saturday of course. There’s no school—and I’m going to Chipping Campden with Peter. And now I’ve



got to hurry!" he said in a very businesslike manner. "But I say, Ann," he faced the girl, "look after Tuppence for me, will you?" He ran to join the farm hand, who was leading out a big black horse hitched to a well-filled wagon.

"Tony's forgotten all about Father and his flowers, and for once I'll know something before he does." Ann smiled to herself as she followed her brother.

"Peter," Tony exclaimed, "you're going to the station too!" He grinned, seeing the large wooden boxes holding pats of freshly churned country butter. Each crate had a printed label nailed to it.

"Now, who's stupid?" Ann chuckled, as she stood beside him. "The station's at Campden, isn't it?"

"I'll make room back here for you." Peter moved two boxes forward.

"I say, Peter, let me ride up in front with you," Tony put in. "I'll watch Prince. He'll be all right tied there." He pointed to the stout frame side of the wagon.

Peter nodded a bit doubtfully as he tied the horse to the cart, thinking it would be safer for the boy to hold Prince by the reins, at the back of the wagon.

But Tony had already climbed the hub of the wheel, and was waiting on the front seat.

"All ready now?" the man asked.

"No, no. Let me down. I forgot something." Tony ran back into the house. From a small bank he took two silver coins and tucked them safely in his pocket. He dashed back calling, "Now I'm ready."

"Come along, Darby." Peter gave the horse his head.

Tony turned to Ann and called, "Don't forget Tuppence."

The girl nodded.

As they drove along the road, shaded by tall leafy beech trees the soft damp morning air touched their faces. Through the foliage Tony and Peter could see Father's large kitchen garden, where cabbages, spinach, potatoes, carrots, parsley, asparagus, lettuce, tomatoes, and rhubarb were planted. Some of the plants were already well above the ground. The gooseberry, the black and red currant bushes that bordered the neat rows in the carefully kept garden were thick with young leaves.

"Keep an eye on Prince," Peter warned.

"He's all right!" Tony glanced back. "Look, Peter!" He displayed the coins. "I'm going to buy a new ball for Tuppence; and for Ann a double lead of red, white and blue leather for Jack and Jill. This is my birthday money. Dad gave me four shillings and this is what I have left." Tony spoke proudly. He slid the silver back into his pocket.

As they turned a bend in the road, he glanced back at the old farm house with its windows divided into lights by stone mullions, and the creeping japonica growing on its front walls. The fresh spring flowers in the rockery showed gaily as they swayed in the breeze. Tony's eyes wandered from one to another of the many outbuildings—the dairy, the cowshed, the barn, the pig sty, the lambing cub, the cottage. Each building was built of grey limestone from the Gloucestershire quarries, like the walls enclosing the farm and separating the meadows. The black corrugated iron roof of the tall rickyard, half-filled with last season's hay, looked blacker than ever as it towered above the grey stone roofs of the other farm buildings.





*The farm buildings*



"Peter, there 're Walter and Toby going to count the sheep!" Tony broke the silence, at sight of the shepherd with his long crook and his dog at his heels, just entering a field where sheep were grazing in the young grass.

"Good old Toby! He's one of the best dogs in these parts," Peter remarked.

Nearing a large plantation of young oak trees, Peter stopped the wagon. "You'd better get back now and hold Prince's reins. We'll soon reach the main road."

"Wait until we pass the crossroad," Tony pleaded. "I'm watching him all right."

Tony looked back every now and then at the horse. "Look, Peter, look," he exclaimed when they turned in at the crossroads. A group of dark-skinned men, women and children were coming toward them.

"Gypsies!" Peter muttered. He turned Darby to the roadside and glanced back at Prince.

Boys and girls with faces as brown as fir cones skipped and danced beside their mothers and fathers. Four big wagons, pulled by thickset horses, followed. A white shaggy dog trotted close to a small girl.

"Good morning." Peter greeted a gypsy near his cart.

"Good morning," the man responded cheerfully.

"Listen." Peter's face was suddenly wreathed in smiles. Music and song came from one of the wagons. The boyish treble of a gypsy lad, singing to the accompaniment of a concertina, drifted toward them.

"Let's stay awhile and listen," Peter said. "See there." He pointed enthusiastically to a circle of children dancing to the gay melody that filled the air.

"No, no. Let's go on," Tony urged. He felt the coins in his pocket, and thought of the toys and leather goods in the shops. He could hear concertina music and see dancing at school any time. There were many more interesting things to see in the village. Why stop to listen to a young gypsy boy with a concertina? "I've been waiting for days to buy Tuppence a new ball and surprise Ann with a lead for Jack and Jill! Come on, Peter, please," he pouted.

But Peter was still watching the gypsy boy. "I like the way he sings. And his music is good." Peter tossed him a coin.

The boy in the wagon put his concertina on the seat. As he jumped to the ground he cried out. Tears streamed down his face as he picked up the coin. He tried to stand, winced and sank to the ground.

"Get up!" shouted the gypsy man. "That's no way for a boy to act."

The lad wiped his tear-stained face and pulled himself up by the wagon wheel. Gritting his teeth, he lowered his leg slowly to the ground, but could not put any weight on it. He dropped again to the grass.

Peter handed Tony the reins. "Keep an eye on Prince," he cautioned, as he jumped from the cart and hurried to the gypsy boy.

"Peter, Peter," Tony cried out impatiently. "We've got to hurry. They'll take care of him. Come on, Peter."

"You've twisted your ankle badly," Peter told the boy as he felt his foot. "It's none too good. It'll have to be bandaged!" And Peter began tearing his handkerchief into strips.

"It hurts!" The boy pointed to the swelling, trying to smile through his tears.

"I'll have it fixed in no time," Peter comforted him, as he carefully bound the ankle.

"Thank you! It feels better already!" The boy gave him a grateful look as he stood up and lowered his leg slowly to the ground.

"Peter!" Tony shouted. "Please come on!"

"I'm coming!" The farm hand patted the gypsy boy's curly black head, then climbed up beside Tony. "I say, he's a plucky little fellow," Peter commented, as he reached for the reins.

As they turned on the main road Peter brought the wagon to a stop. "Tony," he turned to the boy, "it's time now for you—" The man turned round. "Prince has gone!" he cried out desperately.

"Gone?" Tony couldn't believe his eyes. But it was true. The big, brown Shire horse had disappeared.

Peter led Darby to the side of the road and tied him fast to a gate. "Don't move from that wagon," he told the boy sternly.

Then he ran back over the road to the spot where the gypsies had stopped. He looked left and right, and down the road after the disappearing caravan. "That's odd! Very odd!" he muttered, perplexed, staring closely at the well-trodden ground.

"Prince! Prince!" he shouted hopefully, recognizing the horse's footprints in the grass. He quickened his pace down a lane to a clearing where he could once more see the impressions on the ground. Again and again he called, but





*Peter brought the wagon to a stop*

there was no sound. Seriously worried, Peter hurried back to the wagon.

"Where's Prince?" Tony's voice trembled. "Didn't you find him?"

"Gone. No trace of him."

"What will you do?" Tears streamed down the boy's frightened face. "If I'd only held on to him as you said, and watched him instead of the gypsy boy. Oh, Peter! What will you do?"

"We'll just have to report it as we go along and leave word for those coming this way."

"It's my fault. What will Dad say?" Tony gulped anxiously.

A frightened boy and a distressed man drove along the road together. At the blacksmith's they heard the ring of the anvil and saw the slow-burning fire in the forge.

"Sam," Peter called excitedly to the blacksmith, "I've lost Prince, the brown cart horse you shod a few months back. Leave word with anyone going back to the farm, will you?"

"Lost Prince?" the blacksmith exclaimed in surprise. "But how? Was he stolen, or did he get away?"

"That's what I'm trying to make out," Peter answered. "He must have come untied. I looked down the lane near the crossroads, his tracks were there, but no horse."

"I'll pass word on," the blacksmith answered. "Chances are he's just run off."

Tony turned his head away. Mist clouded his eyes.

At the station Tony stared past Peter and the porter, as they lifted the crates of butter on to the scale. "If Prince would only turn up," he sighed.



"We'll be back for the bill and if you hear anything of a stray brown carthorse let me know. I've lost one." Peter told his story again.

"That I will." The porter turned toward the office.

"Come along now." Peter gave Darby his head, then glanced at the downcast boy beside him. "We'll go and buy that lead and the ball you wanted."

"No, Peter! Let's go back and look for Prince! Tup-pence can wait for his ball."

"But how about Ann's present?" Peter shortened the reins as they neared a window full of leather goods.

In the shop Tony selected a double lead of red, white and blue twisted leather. He handed the owner the two silver coins and waited impatiently for the parcel and change.

"Now for the ball." Peter tried to be cheerful as Tony climbed up beside him.

"No. I want to get back. I don't need it." Tony turned to Peter, who was munching an apple.

"Here's one for you!" Peter offered Tony the fruit.

"Thank you." Tony accepted it listlessly.

Stopping at the station Peter inquired, as the porter handed him the butter bill, "Any news of the horse?"

"Nothing at all." The porter shook his head.

"Poor Prince," Tony sighed. "I wonder if we'll ever find him. What will Dad say?" he asked himself over and over as Darby pulled them slowly up the hill.

When they reached the blacksmith's, Peter asked about Prince.

"Not a word about him since you were here," the blacksmith answered sympathetically.



Clump, clump, sounded Darby's hoofs over the hard stone road, as he quickened his pace. Anxiously and still frightened, Tony glanced about him.

As they neared the spot where he had first searched for the horse, Peter slowed Darby up.

"Look, Peter," Tony shouted, standing up in the wagon. "Look, coming down the road. It's the gypsy boy and—"

"Prince!" The farm hand jumped to the ground and ran to the limping boy who was leading the horse. Tony followed.

"Where did you find him?" Peter panted.

The young brown face smiled. "We started to camp in the woods and he came up to us. I knew it was the horse tied behind the wagon. My foot," he added, slowly extending his leg, "is better now. You helped me and—"

"Here, take these coppers." Tony thrust the change into the boy's hand.

"No, no, I can't take them," and the gypsy boy held out the money. "You were good to me and—"

"Of course you must keep them, and here's another." Peter laid a small silver one in his hand and reached for Prince's halter. "Come along, Prince, you'll have to wait until Monday for new shoes."

As the farm hand led the horse to the back of the wagon Tony turned around. "The gypsy boy's gone."

"Back to his caravan in the woods," Peter told him.

Quickly Tony climbed up the rear wheel. He grabbed Prince's leading rein. "I'll hold you every step of the way now," he promised, and clutched the leather tightly.

"Hello, Tony," Ann cried happily, when Peter turned

Darby into the yard. She waved a yellow slip of paper. "Daddy's got the order. Uncle James telegraphed. Daddy's going to Stratford next week for more boxes. We're going with him. And he's taking Old John," she ended breathlessly.

"Dad got the order?" Tony stared. He still held Prince's reins. "You mean for the Coronation?"

"Of course that's what I mean."

"Think of it, Peter!" Tony's eyes were bright with excitement as the farm hand relieved him of Prince.

"You forgot something." Peter nodded toward the front seat of the wagon.

"Here, Ann, here," and Tony thrust the parcel into the girl's hands.

Quickly she opened it. "Tony! Oh, Tony, thank you! Jack and Jill will wear it in the Maypole Celebration." She gave her brother a big hug.

Tony's face was scarlet as he pushed Ann aside. "Save that for Jack and Jill!" He turned and dashed toward the house shouting, "Dad! Where are you?"





## Chapter IV

### OLD JOHN

Gently Ann coaxed Jack and Jill over the little wooden bridge on to the path leading to Old John's cottage.

Tony followed, carrying Tuppence under one arm. A basket, containing a mold of cream cheese and some freshly made currant buns, was on the other.

At the cottage, Ann peered through the window. "Old John's not at home," she said disappointedly.

Tony thrust his head through the doorway to make sure, then walked into the empty room. "We'll leave it here." He set the basket on the table.



"But the message." Just at that moment the back door opened.

"Here he is, after all," Tony cried, as the old sailor came in.

"Bless me! Anthony and Ann Edwards." Old John grinned, pleased.

"We've brought your basket. And Jack and Jill are here. Peter gave them to me," Ann told him, pointing to the lambs where they stood tied outside the door.

"And Tuppence, too," Tony added.

"Cook sent these." Ann reached for the parcels.

"She never forgets." The seaman smiled as he thought of the kindly woman, never too busy to remember him.

Tony's voice rang through the small room: "We've got a message, too!"

"A message! Now, bless me, what can that be?" He motioned to two stools near him.

"Dad—" Tony started.

"Let me tell it. You promised," Ann interrupted.

"All right, then, go ahead, but get on with it."

"Daddy sent word to tell you that he's going to Stratford one day next week. He's going to take you, your models, and Tony and me," Ann cried excitedly.

"To Stratford? I'm to take my models to Stratford?" Old John stared at them both.

"To Mr. Williams' shop. Don't you remember?" Tony asked.

"Of course I do." Old John nodded and smiled. He walked toward the old sea chest, Ann and Anthony following.

"I've had them ready—just in case there was a chance of getting there." He lifted the cover and showed them the little box holding the carved figures, all safely wrapped in a cloth.

"And Dad got the Coronation flower order from Uncle James," Tony announced proudly.

"Fine, indeed!" Old John exclaimed, elated over the news. He started toward his chair. "And now, what about Tuppence and his tricks?"

Tony smiled as he held a biscuit over the dog's head. "Roll over, sit up, beg and salute!" he commanded gently. "Then it's yours."

"How did you ever get him to do it?" And Old John shook with laughter when the dog had finished.

"Practice!" Tony boasted, dropping the biscuit into Tuppence's mouth.

"And what can Jack and Jill do?" Old John turned to Ann.

"Not very much," she sighed.

"They can follow her on a lead. Show Old John," Tony urged.

Ann walked down the step into the yard to unfasten the double rope. "Come on, Jack and Jill, we're going," she called.

"Maa—aaa!" the lambs answered, trotting behind their mistress.

"Well, of all things!" Old John clapped vigorously. "You've certainly got them well trained, very well indeed." He applauded again.

"Ann's going to enter them in the May Day Celebration





*"Maa—aaa!" the lambs answered, trotting behind their mistress*



at Shipston, and I'm showing Tuppence," Tony said, as the girl came back into the room.

"They'll make a fine showing," Old John assured them.

"I say, Old John," Tony's eyes wandered to the sea chest, "how much is the fare to London and return?"

"Thirty shillings," Old John answered. He took down a portfolio from the shelf over the table.

Anthony and Ann looked eagerly. What could be in it? They had noticed the folder before, but had never seen inside.

As Old John opened the leather case, the children moved their stools closer.

"These belonged to my great-great-grandfather." Old John gently fingered a packet of colored pictures.

Awed, they looked at the paintings of ancient kings, castles, fortresses, churches, lakes, mountains, birds, beasts, gardens, monks, knights, fairies and elves, as Old John slowly and carefully turned the pages. Each picture told a story.

"I like that one the best!" Ann said emphatically, as she gazed at a fiddler with his bow drawn across his violin. The moon was full in the background and a circle of little men danced around him on the grass.

"That picture has a very old story connected with it," Old John said.

"Tell it to us. Do tell it to us," Ann pleaded.

"That I will," Old John smiled, looking at the eager faces beside him. Then he began:

"Many, many years ago, there was a farmer's son who had not an ounce of harm in him, and not too much good

either. He always meant to do well, but he had a queer way about him, and he was very fond of idle company.

“One day his father sent him to market with five sheep to sell. When the lad had sold the animals, instead of coming straight home as he was told, he stayed the day in the village until evening. When he started home, many offered him a ride in their carts.

“‘Thank you kindly all the same,’ he said to all, ‘but I’m going back across the fields with Limping Tim.’

“Now Limping Tim was a fiddler, and a worthless chap, and all who heard, warned the boy against going with him. ‘Go by the mainroad and leave the fiddler alone!’ they advised, for they knew that Limping Tim fiddled for his livelihood, and what other money he earned he squandered foolishly. And they were well acquainted with the sheep path over the hills. For they knew that it led past a big fairy ring, so near the path that anyone might brush it with the end of his cloak as he turned the brow of the hill.

“The lad paid no attention whatsoever to the advice of his elders, and started out to cross the hills. Limping Tim carried his fiddle in his hand and a bundle of marketings under his arm.

“As they walked, the fiddler sang snatches of strange songs, the like of which the lad had never heard before.

“The moon shone down on them, casting shadows over the short grass, until they were as long as the great stone walls round here.

“At last they turned the hill. The fairy ring looked dark under the moon. Cautiously the lad walked to the side of the path, and kept his eyes glued on the road in front of him.

"Limping Tim suddenly pulled his own cloak from his back and handed it to the lad. 'Hold this a moment,' he cried, 'I'm wanted. They're calling me.'

" 'I hear nothing,' the lad exclaimed, as he paused to listen. He turned around to face the fiddler, but Limping Tim had disappeared.

"The boy shouted, but in vain. He thought of starting on alone. He put one foot forward and stopped.

" 'Catch!' he heard the fiddler's voice ring out, though never a sight of the man himself could he see. And there came flying from the direction of the fairy ring the bundle of marketings which he had been carrying.

" 'It's in my way. Ah, this is dancing! Come in, lad. Come in,' Limping Tim's voice shouted joyfully.

"But the boy took care to keep at a safe distance from the fairy ring.

" 'Come back, Tim, come back,' he pleaded.

"At last, when Tim refused to answer, he started on his way, but stopped, for he heard Limping Tim's voice calling out of the dark: 'Take care of this for me. The coins jingle and dance in my pocket.'

"Surprised, the lad saw the fiddler's purse flying through the air, and as it dropped at his feet it rattled and clinked with gold.

"He picked it up and called again to Limping Tim, begging him to be on his way.

"Finally, when the fiddler did not appear, the lad took the path in front of him. As he walked, carrying Limping Tim's possessions, he hoped that Tim would soon follow to claim them. But the fiddler never came.



“When the people of the village had searched carefully and learned that Limping Tim was missing, a great blame was cast on the lad. For they said he was the last to be seen in his company.

“The boy began to fear and was still more afraid to tell the truth of the matter. ‘Who knows,’ he said to himself, ‘but they may think I stole his belongings. I’d better do away with them. No, I’ll hide them,’ said he. And when night came he carried the bundle of marketings, the cloak and the money bag and carefully hid them in the garden.

“When three months had passed and still the fiddler did not return, the people of the village searched the lad’s home. ‘Surely he must have his things,’ they said.

“ ‘Just as we thought,’ they cried, when they found the bundle, the money bag and the cloak.

And the lad was taken off to prison.

“Now, when it was much too late, he plucked up courage and told the truth. But no one believed him. They all said that he had done away with the fiddler for the sake of his money and goods.

“And when the lad was taken before the judge he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

“Fortunately his mother was a wise woman, and when she heard that her son was blamed and such a sentence put on him, she told the lad, ‘Only follow my directions, and we may save you yet. For I have guessed how it is.’

“So she went to the judge and begged for three favors before her son must go.

“ ‘I will grant them,’ the judge consented, ‘if you do not ask that his life be spared.’

“ ‘The first,’ the mother said, ‘is that he may choose his own place where the gallows shall be erected. The second, that he may fix the hour of his going. And the third favor I ask is that you will not fail to be present.’

“ ‘I grant your wishes,’ the judge said. But when he learned the lad had chosen a certain hill for the gallows, and the hour one just before midnight, he sent word for the constable to accompany him on this important occasion.

“The constable placed himself at the judge’s disposal, but commanded the presence of the gaoler for his own protection.

“And the gaoler, for his part, implored the curate to be of the party, as the hill was not in good spiritual standing.

“So when the time came, the four started together.

“The hangman and the lad went before them to the foot of the gallows.

“Just as the rope was being prepared the lad called to the judge and said, ‘If Your Honor will walk twenty paces down the hill, you will find a bit of paper and learn the fate of the fiddler.’

“ ‘It is no doubt a last message from Limping Tim,’ the judge thought as he started out.

“Through his mother’s bidding the boy had dropped the paper as he came along in such a place that the judge could not pick it up without putting his foot on the edge of the fairy ring.

“No sooner had the judge reached the spot, and set his foot inside the ring, when he saw a company of little people two feet high, with aged faces as brown as berries, squinting horribly as they danced round and round in a

circle as wide as the fairy ring itself. Their green costumes and hoods were just a shade darker than the grass over which they tripped.

“ ‘Mr. Constable! Mr. Constable!’ the judge cried, ‘come and see the dancing and hear the music. It makes the soles of my feet tickle and I can’t keep them still!’ He shouted with laughter.

“ ‘There is no music, Your Honor!’ said the constable, running down the hill. ‘It surely must be the wind you hear, whistling through the trees.’

“ ‘But when the constable put his own foot over the edge of the fairy ring he, too, saw the little people, and heard the music and he called to the gaoler to be quick and come down. ‘I should like you to be a witness,’ he said. ‘You can take hold of my arm, for the music makes me feel unsteady.’

“ ‘There is no music, sir,’ the gaoler said, ‘but doubtless you hear the creaking of the gallows.’

“ ‘But no sooner had the gaoler’s feet touched the fairy ring than he saw and heard just the same as the others. He called loudly to the curate to come and listen.

“ ‘I don’t understand!’ the curate exclaimed as he approached. ‘There is not a sound but the distant croaking of frogs.’

“ ‘But no sooner had he touched the ring than he saw and heard what the rest of them did.

“ ‘At this moment the moon rose to its height and in the middle of the ring they saw Limping Tim dancing away as he played.

“ ‘Ah, you rascal!’ the judge cried. ‘So this is where



you've been all the time, and a better man than you as good as hanged for you. But you shall come now.' And the judge ran toward him and seized the fiddler's arm.

"But Limping Tim resisted so that the constable had to go to the judge's aid.

"Then the mischievous elves pinched and hindered the constable so that he had to call to the gaoler to put his arms about his waist.

"And then the gaoler called to the curate to add to the strength of the string.

"While they continued to struggle with the fiddler and with one another, an elf picked up Limping Tim's fiddle. And when he started fiddling, everyone began to dance—the judge, the constable, the gaoler, the fiddler and even the curate himself.

" 'Hangman! Hangman!' the judge screamed, 'The lad is pardoned. The both of you come down and catch hold of his reverence, the curate.'

"The lad followed and warned the hangman not to touch the ring, but directed him to stretch his hands forward in hopes of catching hold of someone.

"In a few minutes the wind blew the curate's coat against the hangman's fingers and he caught hold of it.

"Quickly the boy clasped his hands around the hangman's waist. Then each held firmly to the other: the fiddler, the judge, the constable, the gaoler, the curate, the hangman and the boy, until they were all safely out of the charmed circle.

" 'Oh, you scoundrel!' the judge cried, as they stood well outside the ring. 'I have a good mind to have you hanged.'



*'When he started fiddling, everyone began to dance'*



“But the fiddler, bewildered, only stared at the judge. Then he fell to scolding the lad roundly for not having the patience to wait three minutes for him.

“‘Three minutes!’ the boy exclaimed. “‘Why, you’ve been here three months and a day.’

“‘It can’t be true! It can’t be!’ Limping Tim whined as they led him away. ‘I want my fiddle,’ he cried, and tried to turn back toward the fairy ring. But the constable and the gaoler held him tight.

“When the village folk learned all that had happened, they watched over Limping Tim day and night, lest he give them the slip again. But one day he escaped and wandered over the hills to seek his fiddle, and they never saw him again.

“And the lad, it is said, from that time onward, whenever he was sent to the market, always returned by the main road and was never again seen to take the path over the hills by the fairy ring.

“Some day,” Old John closed the portfolio, “when there’s more time, I’ll tell you about the others.”

Reluctantly Anthony and Ann got up. Tony called to Tuppence. Ann reached for the lead.

“Don’t forget next week,” Tony said to Old John as they started up the path.

“Indeed I won’t.” Old John waved to them, and chuckled to himself. Then he watched Ann leading Jack and Jill, and Tony with Tuppence wriggling under his arm, until they were all out of sight.

“Ann, how much have you got saved?” Tony’s voice was thoughtful.



"Only two shillings. How much have you?"

"Only sixpence," Tony's voice was flat. He knew all along he shouldn't have spent so much. But he was too distressed to think.

"You spent a lot on me for Jack and Jill." Ann tried to comfort her brother.

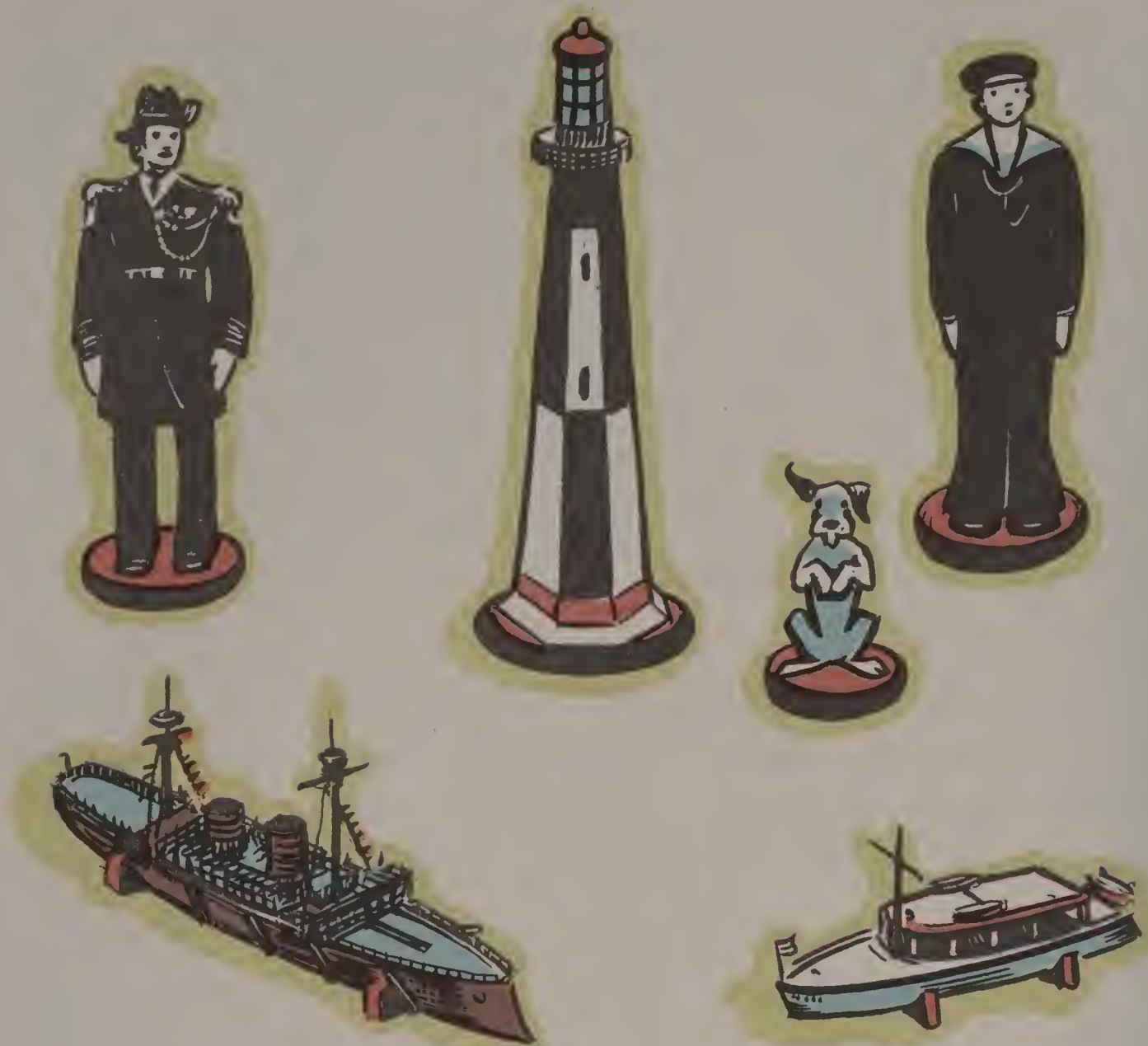
Tony nodded. That was true. "I wish now I hadn't," he said, half to himself. He saw Prince grazing in a field. Prince had no such problems. "I wish I were Prince. . . ."

"Wish you hadn't what, and why do you want to be Prince?"

"Hadn't spent so much, so I could help Old John. Prince doesn't have to worry—Ann, how can we get all that money, thirty shillings, so Old John can go to London?"

But Ann couldn't answer that question any more than he could.





## Chapter V

### ADVENTURES IN SELLING

Several afternoons later Tony and Ann, grasping leather book satchels, waited eagerly on the front steps of the school.

Ann sighed impatiently as she watched the passing traffic. Each time a red car went by, disappointment showed in her face. "I do wish they'd hurry up and come," she said uneasily.

"So do I!" Tony stepped restlessly from the footpath to the road to get a better view. "Here they are. They're coming now," he shouted, recognizing the family car. His father was steering it cautiously down the steep hill, and Old John was sitting next to him. In the rear seat Tuppence looked contentedly out of the window as the car rolled on.

"Tuppence!" Tony cried happily to the terrier, as the car stopped and the children climbed in.

The dog ran back and forth across the cushion, barking excitedly at his young master.

"Down, Tuppence, down," Tony commanded. He reached for the lead and patted the animal's head to quiet him.

"They're in here." Old John turned to smile back at the eager faces behind him as they started on. He held up a small wooden box. Carefully he raised the lid.

Anthony and Ann leaned over to peer into the chest, with six carved models lying on a layer of cotton wool.

"I hope you'll sell every one of them," Tony exclaimed.

"So do I." Ann's voice was full of eagerness.

As they sped along, the children waved to the village fiddler, standing in the doorway of his thatched grey stone cottage. They gazed with delight at fields turning gold with buttercups and white with daisies. The young wheat and grass were well above the ground. They saw farm hands walking behind ploughs and watched the heavy plowshares cut the soil and turn it over. They glimpsed men sowing seeds in lengthy tracks in the earth. They smiled to the chimney sweep on his bicycle, brushes and brooms hanging over his shoulders. They observed with keen interest the



pink and white buds on the hawthorn hedges along the roadside and in gardens, all ready to burst into flower.

"We're nearly there," Ann called, as Father slowed the car near a stone bridge crossing the river Avon.

"That's the new Shakespeare Theatre, where I saw MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM last summer," Tony boasted. He was pointing out a large imposing red brick building, its entrance facing a side street.

"And when I get a few years older," Ann added, smiling as she remembered Mother's promise, "I'm going to see some of the plays there, too."

"It's been market day," Tony shouted, as they passed pens of unsold sheep, cattle and pigs. Owners waited impatiently for last minute buyers.

Father drove slowly up the busy main street, past the shops. Eagerly the children looked in at windows displaying wearing apparel, boots and shoes, books, radios, china, souvenirs, sweets, vegetables, meats, and dairy produce.

Father turned into a car park. "Let me see," he pondered. He glanced at his watch as the four of them, with Tuppence straining at his lead, now stood beside the locked car. "I'd better see to my flower boxes first. I'll meet you in half an hour's time in front of the Post Office." He faced Old John. "Good luck!" He smiled encouragingly, and turned to walk away.

The old man, his box hooked securely under one arm, walked between the two excited children. They did not linger, but went straightway to a shop which bore the sign: TOYS AND SOUVENIRS.

Tony opened the door and they all went in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Williams," Tony said politely, as he went to the counter where the owner was standing.

"Good afternoon," the man replied cheerfully, recognizing his customer and the terrier. "Have you come for another toy for the dog?"

"Not this time," Tony answered. He nodded to Old John, who stood awkwardly holding his box. "He's brought you some figures to sell."

"And what may they be?" Mr. Williams inquired. "Let me see them."

Old John displayed the little carved objects.

"He made them himself," Tony added proudly.

"Their lines are very good!" Mr. Williams commented as he examined them. "I think I could sell them. I'll give you two and six apiece."

"That makes fifteen shillings," Tony reckoned to himself. And the half crown he and Ann had between them would only make seventeen and six. The return fare to London was one pound ten. Could Old John possibly make five more models in time? The coronation was only three and a half weeks off.

"They took a very long time," Old John explained patiently.

"They're worth more," Mr. Williams replied, "but that is all I can offer."

"I can't let them go for that," Old John sighed, as he replaced the figures on the cotton wool.

Disappointed, the three started toward the door.

"If you don't sell them," Mr. Williams called, "Bring them back. I'll always buy them."

Outside, Tony's face brightened. "I know another shop. It's a very small one, but they may want them there. Let's try," he suggested, with fresh hope.

As they stepped onto the footpath in front of the Post Office they saw Father coming out.

"Well, how did it go?" he asked cheerfully.

"Think of it, Dad!" Tony's voice was full of indignation, "Mr. Williams only wanted to give two and six apiece for them!"

Father laughed at the boy's indignation. He proposed, "Perhaps Mr. Jones can use them. The town's full of visitors. Maybe something different might appeal to them. Anyhow, we'll go and see."

"Here Ann, hold Tuppence!" Tony's fingers were cramped from clutching the lead.

The girl reached for the strap but it slipped through her open fingers to the ground.

With that, Tuppence dashed up the street and around the corner.

Tony and Ann raced after him.

"I don't see him. I don't see him anywhere!" Ann's eyes were misty.

"He went that way!" Tony fought passers-by with sturdy arms, pushing one and jostling another, dodging from side to side as he hurried after the runaway terrier.

Ann followed breathlessly.

"Here he is!" Tony shouted, stooping to grab Tuppence's collar and bumping into an elderly gentleman at the same time. Dog and boy fell sprawling at the stranger's feet.

The man laughed good-naturedly as he helped Tony up.





*The old man walked between the two children*

"That's a piece of luck!" he said.

"Bad luck, you mean," Tony told himself, thinking how near he came to losing Tuppence.

"I'm looking for a wire-haired terrier, and here's one right at my feet. Is he for sale?"

"For sale? Tuppence for sale?" Tony exclaimed, horrified at the thought, as he picked the dog up and held him tightly in both arms. "Indeed he isn't."

"Daddy knows where you can get one just like him!" Ann spoke up. "Here he comes now." She pointed to Father and Old John hastening toward them.

"Ralph Kendrick! What a fine surprise, and what are you doing in these parts?" Father greeted his friend cordially.

"He's looking for a dog like Tuppence," Tony answered quickly.

"For my nephew's birthday present," Mr. Kendrick explained. "Can you tell me where to find one, just like him?" He rubbed Tuppence gently behind the ear.

"He came from a kennel between here and Oxford. They've a fine selection." Father wrote the name and address on a slip of paper.

Tony set Tuppence on the sidewalk. He closed his fingers tightly over the dog's lead, then faced Mr. Kendrick. "Some carved figures wouldn't do instead of a dog, would they?" he ventured.

"Carved figures?" Mr. Kendrick exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," Tony said. His whole body tingled as he pointed to Old John, clutching his little wooden box.

Father raised the lid.



"They're a fine piece of workmanship. Excellent!" Mr. Kendrick examined the model ship.

Anthony and Ann's hearts skipped a beat. Was he going to buy or just look?

"You know William Purdy?" Mr. Kendrick addressed Father. "He makes a hobby of collecting such ornaments as these. I would like him to see them." He turned to Old John. "How much are they?"

"Six shillings apiece," Tony blurted out daringly, remembering Mr. Williams' words, "They're worth much more, really."

"Tony," Ann whispered, as she reckoned quickly, "that's one pound sixteen, for all of them. He'll never give that much!"

"They should bring every bit of that." Mr. Kendrick fingered one model. He knew a fine piece of work when he saw it. He replaced the miniature ship in the box.

"If he doesn't buy them—" Old John's voice was almost a whisper.

"Then we'll try Mr. Jones," Father said cheerfully, as Old John handed over the chest.

"Take good care of them. And you'll send them back—" Old John gazed past the man.

"To me," Father finished. "I'm still at the farm."

"You'll know for sure one way or the other by the first week in May." Mr. Kendrick reached in his pocket. He unrolled a leather folder and carefully slipped the box into it. "They will be safe in here, no harm will come to them," he assured Old John. He turned to Father. "I must be off. You know, it takes a long time to choose a dog as fine as



Tuppence." He stooped to pat the terrier sniffing at his heels.

"And now for an ice," Father suggested, as they passed a sweet shop. Tony and Ann smiled approval.

The two children, enjoying their slices of frozen vanilla cream between two thin crisp wafers, walked happily in front of Father and Old John.

"Tony," Ann chuckled, "one pound sixteen is a lot of money!"

"Well, Old John has to have some place to sleep too, doesn't he?" Tony answered, though surprised at his own boldness.

Back again in the car Father turned toward home.

Ann leaned over Tuppence, curled on the cushion between her and Tony. "If we could only win some of the money prizes on May Day," she whispered, "we could give that to Old John too, just in case," she faltered, "Mr. Kendrick doesn't sell the models."

"We'll just have to win something," Tony answered emphatically. "I'll work hard over Tuppence, and you'll have to keep at Jack and Jill!"

"I will," Ann assured him earnestly.

When they came to the top of the long winding hill near the farm, Father brought the car to a stop. All four of them gazed across the valley. The clear day made it possible to see the five counties of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire and Herefordshire.

"If it continues warm like this we'll soon be washing sheep," Father announced to Old John. "Perhaps you'd like to come with us?"

"Indeed I would," Old John's wrinkled face was full of little smiles. "It's many a day since I last saw a real washing."

"Think of it, Tony. Sheep washing! May Day Celebrations! London and Coron—" Ann looked at the boy lost in thought. Then she gave him a poke.

Tony jumped. "I know, I know!" he grinned. "I was just thinking—"

"Thinking of what?" Ann asked eagerly.

"That it's the most exciting spring I've ever had."

"And mine too." Ann laughed.

"For all of us." Father turned to smile at the happy faces behind him.







## Chapter VI

### SHEEP WASHING

The ruddy glow of the dawn was beginning to fade in the east as Anthony and Ann walked slowly with Old John and Father along the main road.

In front of them three extra helpers in their oldest working clothes, with Walter carrying his shepherd's crook, walked beside the large flock, the sheep looking big and fat in their heavy fleeces. Ahead of them they could see the backs of Peter and two other laborers carrying long, double-hooked sheep washing poles and leading the line of pattering hoofs.



"Look at Toby get that one." Tony was watching the easy way the collie guided a stray ewe back into place.

As they neared the lambing cub, Anthony and Ann lingered to thrust their hands through the bars of the iron door and stroke the heads of two bleating lambs.

"Too bad you can't go too. But you're too young yet to be washed," Ann said sympathetically. The little animals rubbed their faces against the palm of her hand.

"They'd only be in the way," Tony added. He looked down the road past the flock. Peter and his assistants were turning into a lane. "I say, we'd better hurry!" He saw Peter reach for the bolt on the gate.

Quickly the two of them caught up with Father and Old John.

"When I was your age," Old John smiled at them, "and I knew there was to be a sheep washing, I slept in the barn all night."

"Wasn't it cold?" Ann exclaimed, wide-eyed.

The old man laughed heartily. "Indeed, not. I always had company."

"What company!" Tony asked curiously.

"The sheep dog, and a faithful one he was," Old John answered. "He and I used to sleep side by side on a bed of straw and the warmth of his body kept me warm."

"Just like Tuppence," Tony grinned. "He keeps my feet warm when he sleeps at the bottom of my bed."

"It'll be good to see a washing again," Old John remarked to Father as they walked into a large field.

"Tony," and Father's tone was firm, "you forgot something."

"I know." The boy's big blue eyes danced mischievously. "Always leave a gate the way you found it." He ran back to fasten the bolt.

They followed the sheep through the pasture wet with the early morning dew. Ann skipped to one side of the flock to gather a bouquet of cowslips and daisies. Anthony saw a thrush take flight. At a hedge he looked into a newly built nest.

When they had come to the end of another field the procession stopped. "Let them cool off," Father directed, as the helpers divided the ewes from the rams and drove them gently into separate wooden pens.

Toby stood on guard outside, ready to fetch back a stray.

Anthony, Ann and Old John watched Father and Walter as they moved slowly amongst the flock, examining eyes, ears, mouths and feet.

"Walter's taking one out." Ann pointed to the shepherd working his way with one woolly creature through the crowded fold to the opening.

"A bad ear," the man told them. He patted the animal as it trotted into the enclosed paddock beside the pens. Then he turned to finish his inspection.

"A healthy flock," Father commented, well pleased with the condition of his sheep, as he went to the side of the waterfall at the far end of the walled brook.

Anthony, Ann, and Old John turned to hold the long-double-hooked poles of three helpers, who removed coats and rolled up shirt sleeves. Then they watched as one hurried through the enclosed paddock, past the lone sheep, and crossed the narrow end of the stream to take his place





*Walter moved slowly amongst the flock*



on the opposite side. Now he was facing his assistants.

"Let's sit here." Ann indicated a stone wall.

"A fine place indeed. And we can see everything." Old John enthusiastically sat down between the boy and girl.

"They're going to begin to wash them now." Tony looked with eager eyes, as Peter and two men led three ewes to the stone ledge. Each man slipped a hand under his charge's neck to stand her up on her hind legs. With their free hands they took hold of the fleece in front of the animal's tails to lift them into the air. Gently they tossed the struggling ewes into the water.

"What a splash!" Tony laughed as the water rolled over the bank to the feet of the helpers.

At once the ewes began to make their way toward the bank, but the men with their long poles reached quickly out to slip the hooked ends under their necks and bring them back.

"They're swimming. Look at them," Ann cried excitedly, when she saw heads and bodies moving quickly near the surface.

"That one's trying to get out." Old John motioned to one of the creatures as it got away.

"He's got her," Tony clamored. The man quickly extended his long pole and slipped the hook under the runaway's neck. Although heavily soaked, the ewe was light in the water, and the helper turned her round with ease.

Eagerly the children watched as the men pulled the animals along the stream to hold them under the waterfall.

"They'll be good and clean after their shower baths," Old John said.

"I should say so," Tony answered. His eyes were first on one man, then on another, as they pulled their charges back and forth under the forceful spray.

"Look there. By Father," Ann shouted. A helper had one foot firmly planted against the side of the bank, his other leg stretched out on the wall. He held tightly to his pole, using every muscle in his sturdy arms, trying to steady a wriggling animal's head from slipping out of the hook.

"They're finished with those." Tony pointed to the animals now swimming free toward the shallow end.

They watched the ewes get their footing and pause to let the water drip from their bodies. One by one, looking very glad that the washing was over, they dragged themselves to the side of the paddock near the lone sheep.

"Maa—aa! Maa—aa!" The dry animal bleated a welcome.

"Listen to that noise!" Old John shook with laughter as the answering chorus of ma·aaas—waa—as's drifted to them from the pens.

"They're beginning again." Ann's eyes were on Peter and two helpers as they threw three more sheep into the brook.

As the animals continued to come into the enclosures, Anthony looked at their dripping bodies. He thought of their fleeces, full of oil and dirt, now thoroughly cleansed. When they were dry and some of the oil had returned, they would be shorn in the freshly swept and cleaned barn with its straw-covered floor.

He remembered the sheep-shearing last year, and the shearers sitting upright on stools holding the sheep. How

evenly and skilfully they had clipped the wool off the fronts, sides and backs of the creatures. He saw again the look of satisfaction that spread across the men's faces as they lifted away the fleeces, snow white inside, with their silvery lustre. He could see too, the fleeces laid out flat, skin side down, as the men trimmed them, putting any loose locks in the middle and folding in the two sides.

When this was done they had started at the tail ends, rolling up the fleeces neatly and tightly until they arrived at the neck ends. Then they placed their knees on the rolls and with both hands pulled out the neck wool into a long rope to twist round the fleeces, tucking in the ends to make them fast.

How soft the gleaming white bundles had felt as he and Ann carefully carried them to the chaff sheet. Here they had remained until Father took them to Chipping Campden, the seat of the English wool industry during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the old tithe barn the fleeces were then weighed and sold to the wool buyers who gathered here from many countries to buy.

"Look, he's fallen in!" Anthony jumped when he heard Ann shouting.

Tony stared at the helper standing in the middle of the brook wiping the water from his eyes.

"How did it happen?"

Old John chuckled. "He was reaching to bring that ram back, but lost his footing and got a good soaking instead."

"Here are Mummy and Cook," Ann cried at the sight of two women crossing the field. Each carried covered baskets.





*"Look, he's fallen in!"*

"Hello, Mummy," Tony called out. He climbed the fence to follow Ann.

"A second breakfast for everyone." Mother stooped to spread a cloth on the ground under a large oak tree.

When everything was ready and the cloth wrappings removed from the bottles of hot tea, Father and Old John joined them.

"We're about finished," Father announced, as he turned to look at the nearly empty pens and the dripping sheep gathered in the enclosures.

"I'm hungry," Ann exclaimed, and took a sandwich.

"So am I." Tony bit into a piece of homemade bread, thickly spread with strawberry jam.

"Busy days ahead," Old John commented as they lingered over a second cup of tea. He glanced at the washed flock, then at the helpers grouped by themselves enjoying their well-earned meal.

Back across the fields the two children trudged with Mother and Old John leading the slow-moving procession of men and dripping sheep toward their pastures. Mother hummed an old spinning song.

Old John nodded toward the children and the three of them sang softly.

"Tarry woo' tarry woo'  
Tarry woo' is ill to spin  
Card it weel, card it weel  
Card it weel, ere ye begin  
When 'tis carded, row'd and spun  
Then the work is halflings done  
When 'tis woven dressed and clean  
It may be cleading for a queen!"



O, the bonny woo'ly sheep  
Feedin' on the mountain steep  
Bleat ye! bleat ye! as ye go!  
Thro' the winter frost and sno!  
Hart, nor hind, nor fallow deer,  
No' by half, so useful are  
Fra'king to lads that hauds the plough  
All gi praise to tarry woo!

Tarry woo' tarry woo'  
Tarry woo' is ill to spin  
Card it weel, card it weel  
Card it weel, ere ye begin  
When 'tis carded ro'd and spun  
Then the work is halflings done  
When 'tis woven dressed and clean  
It may be cleading for a queen!"







## Chapter VII

### PREPARATIONS

It was the last day of April. Father and Peter were busy in the garden carefully setting the red, white and blue blossoms in their painted flower boxes. Indoors Mother put finishing touches to a fancy dress costume for Ann. She smiled as she peered through the window at the girl unwinding strips of colored paper for Tony to decorate his bicycle. She could hear their shouts and laughter as they worked.

"Tony, it's simply beautiful!" Ann stopped to admire the bicycle, covered from wheel to wheel in Coronation crinkled paper. On an arch of the same colors fixed over the handlebars the letters G.R. were brilliant in gold paint. Beneath the frame three little Union Jack flags rippled every time the boy moved the bicycle.

"It needs something more here." Tony stopped to pat the pedals.

"Let's show it to Daddy," Ann suggested, delighted with Tony's workmanship.

They pushed the bicycle down the path toward Father.

"Dad," Tony said, quite surprised, "where are all the others?" He gazed at the beds, nearly empty, and counted seven half-filled boxes holding Father's plants.

"Look behind the house." Father smiled. "I say," he caught sight of Tony's bicycle as the boy stood it carefully against the wall, "That's a jolly good job. And an original one at that," he added, well pleased.

Peter stood on the big farm wagon, surrounded by polyanthus, dusty millers and forget-me-nots. The flowers looked like a big red, white and blue pattern that Mother might have used on a quilted eiderdown.

"Peter, they're beauties!" Tony's eyes danced with joy as they wandered over the massed blossoms ready to be taken to the luggage van.

"They're the finest your father's ever grown. I'd like to know where there's any better, any place."

Peter nodded proudly.

"And just to think we're actually going to see them again on Uncle James' hotel." Ann was thrilled at the thought.

"That you are, and lucky at that. Now off with you. I can't stand here jabbering to you all day. I've got work to do." Peter whistled as he stooped to arrange the boxes.

Ann helped Tony carry his bicycle safely into the house.

"We'd better try Jack and Jill and Tuppence again," Tony proposed as they came through the passageway. He stopped suddenly. "I wonder if Dad or Old John have heard anything about the models yet?"

"Let's find out." Ann skipped ahead over the dark grey stone floor toward Father, with Tony at her heels.

"Dad," Tony panted, "Have you heard from Mr. Kendrick about—"

"Old John's models?" Ann finished.

"Not a word so far. But we should hear by this coming week. You know tomorrow's only the beginning of May."

"I hope he doesn't forget about them." Ann was anxious.

"Not Ralph Kendrick. I've never known him to break his word," Father assured them.

While Ann ran to the cowshed to inspect her beloved Jack and Jill, Tony cautiously opened the barn door and stepped inside, slipping the inside bolt behind him. "I can't help it, old fellow," he said, patting the excited terrier, who had been shut up all day. "I've just *got* to keep you clean in here." He held up a biscuit and put the dog through his tricks. "You must do your best tomorrow. He tossed two biscuits to the far side of the room, then shut the eager Tuppence safely in for the night.

In the cowshed Ann reached for Jack and Jill's new lead, and buckled it to their collars. "Come on. We're going." She walked them slowly up and down the narrow aisles.



"If they do as well as that," Tony grinned over the half door, "they should win a prize!"

"Oh, I do hope so," Ann said as she hung the lead on its hook.

On their way through the kitchen the children helped themselves generously to slices of gingerbread.

"Get on with you, that's for your supper," Cook scolded. "If it's not the two of you, it's always Jack and Jill or Tuppence looking for something to eat." And she waved them out of the room.

Ann's fancy dress costume was all ready to try on. She craned her neck anxiously, standing before the long mirror. "How does it look?"

"Like the year 1902," Tony laughed teasingly.

"Well, that's what it's supposed to," Ann retorted, disgusted with Tony's ignorance. She reached to pick up the picture from which Mother had copied the garment. "See for yourself." It showed a frock worn by a lady at the State Ball following King Edward the Seventh's and Queen Alexandra's coronation.

"I've only to hem the skirt," Mother said, as Ann handed her the costume, "then it will be finished."

Tony opened a book and took from it a wrinkled sheet of yellow paper, while Ann looked over his shoulder.

"Read the events to me again," Mother said to herself as she threaded a needle. "I want to make sure I know them too."

"You ought to, by this time." Tony grinned at her. Then he smoothed out the programme and read aloud for at least the twentieth time:



Shipston-on-Stour  
MAY DAY CELEBRATION  
Saturday, May 1st, 1937

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PROGRAMME

CONDITIONS—PETS MUST BELONG TO THE  
CHILDREN

CLASSES 1-4—OPEN TO ALL. ENTRANCE FREE  
2 P.M. Parade as follows:

Class 1—Best decorated Bicycle for Boys and Girls  
of 15 years or under.

1st prize, value 4/-; 2nd, 2/6d; 3rd, 1/6d.

Class 2—Children's Pets—Cage Birds, Pigeons,  
etc., Poultry.

1st prize 3/-; 2nd, 1/6; 3rd, 1/-

Class 3—Children's Pets—Dogs, Lambs, etc.

1st prize 4/-; 2nd, 3/-; 3rd, 2/-

Class 4—Children's Ponies, 14 hands or under,  
to be ridden by a child 15 years or under.

1st prize 10/-; 2nd, 8/-; 3rd, 6/-

If six or more entries, a fourth prize will  
be given.

Crowning of the May Queen, followed by parade of boys  
and girls in fancy dress costume around the village.

Tea at The George for all competitors.





## Chapter VIII

### MAY DAY

When the little clock in the kitchen chimed half-past one next afternoon, the party was all ready to start. Tony gripped the handlebars of his gaily trimmed bicycle. Ann beside him in a figured frock, clutched two feeding bottles in one hand and held tightly with the other to Jack and Jill's new double lead. Mother carried the fancy dress costume in a box. Father, holding Tuppence, stooped to run his hand over the dog's clean white shiny coat.



“Good luck, and don’t come back if you don’t win one of those prizes.” Peter smiled from the doorway where he stood with Cook, waving to the excited boy and girl who now set out for the village.

“Just to think it’s actually the first of May!” Ann took two little dancing steps, but slowed down into a walk again. She did not want to disturb the lambs trotting peacefully behind her.

On the main road they met many boys and girls carrying or leading their pets. There were cats, birds in cages, a white pigeon, rabbits and a black hen, dogs—small ones, medium sized ones and large ones. One boy was leading his brown pony. A small girl pushed a doll’s perambulator, decorated with Coronation colored ribbons. The children called happily to one another as the hurrying, pattering sound of their shoes sounded everywhere on the hard main road.

“Did you ever see so many decorations in Shipston?” Anthony exclaimed as they turned into the village square.

Certainly the whole place looked gay. Union Jacks hung from hotel windows. Shops, tearooms and houses were bright with banners. Printed signs with GOD SAVE OUR KING were hung over doorways. Large photographs of King George VI, Queen Elizabeth and the little princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose were conspicuous everywhere.

“There’s the Maypole.” Father pointed to the tall wooden post in the centre of the square with its colored ribbon streamers bound tightly round it.

“And there’s the May Queen’s Throne.” Mother led them to a decorated wagon facing the Maypole.

Anthony and Ann on tiptoes gazed at the empty chair and the seats draped with red, white and blue cloth all ready for the Queen of the May and her maids of honor. Their eyes wandered to the boxwood branches behind the throne and chairs, to the colored paper bells that matched the coverings swinging from a bower of evergreens erected over the body of the wagon. They walked round to admire the cowslips, snow-on-the-mountain, daffodils, bluebells, daisies, primroses and wallflowers that trimmed the sides and wheels.

"You'd never think that it was just an ordinary farm wagon," Father declared.

A happy throng of children, mothers, fathers, older brothers and sisters were already gathered on all sides of the square, eagerly waiting for the celebration to start.

"There's a good place." Tony pointed out an opening on the footpath in front of a shop, directly opposite the Maypole.

"Oh, I do wish they'd hurry and begin," Ann sighed, impatiently searching the crowds for the announcer and the village fiddler.

"There they are!" Tony clamored to make himself heard above the shouts and applause that sounded everywhere for the men as they walked toward the Maypole. Below the hem of the fiddler's white linen smock, small brass bells jingled from leather straps reaching from his knees to heavy black shoes.

The musician smiled his gratitude, then lifted his bow to draw it across his violin as he broke into the opening bars of a familiar tune.

When the music stopped, the boys and girls listened breathlessly to the announcer. "Will all those entering the Competition for the best decorated bicycles please assemble in front of the Post Office? And," he added, "as soon as each class has been judged, will the competitors for the next one please line up at once so as not to waste any time. You know," he finished, "we have rather a big and exciting day before us."

"I should say we have," Anthony breathed excitedly. He clutched the handlebars of his bicycle and following the boy in front of him, walked toward the grey stone building.

It was not long before the announcer returned to the enclosure with two judges—a man and a woman.

"They're going to begin," Father told Mother and Ann, as he looked over the heads of boys and girls gathered at the far side of the square. He could see a small boy in a bright blue suit pedalling a red and white decorated tri-cycle as he led the procession toward them.

Eagerly Ann watched and compared each contestant's entry as they passed. "Look at that one!" She pointed with delight to a young girl with a gold band on her curly brown hair and a placard reading THE ROSE CROWN pinned across the shoulders of her long white frock. She walked happily beside her bicycle trimmed with pink roses.

"There's Anthony." Mother smiled proudly when she saw the boy entering the square to close the circle of paraders. Tony waved to them as he passed.

At the sight of his beloved master, Tuppence barked frantically and pulled at his lead, and Father had quite a job to quiet him.





*The May Day Festival*



When the procession had passed the judges three times, they lined up in front of them.

"A patriotic group, indeed!" Father remarked, as he looked over the numerous bicycles decorated in red, white and blue.

Ann's heart pounded violently when she saw the woman judge select three ribbon rosettes from a box and face the man judge holding small white envelopes.

While the judges consulted with one another, the fiddler played a lively tune for the eager crowd, until the announcer held up his hand giving the competitors the signal to halt.

There was a silence broken only by the loud bleating of Jack and Jill, who felt uneasy in these strange surroundings.

Ann's face was scarlet with excitement as the judges walked up and down in front of the entrants. "Oh, will they ever decide?" she murmured to herself, growing more and more anxious as she watched the judges pausing to add up marks on their cards.

"They're choosing them now," Father exclaimed at last. He saw the announcer face the line of paraders and stop before the girl in the white frock.

"Oh!" Ann choked as the announcer continued down the row to beckon to the little boy on the tricycle, a small girl in a red dress beside a bicycle not much larger than herself and trimmed in blue and white ribbons; and a young boy standing beside his entry covered with British flags and gold and white streamers.

Tears clouded Ann's eyes, but she brushed them away when she heard Father as he leaned toward her, "See, Ann, they haven't actually decided!" He pointed to the judges

now walking past the line again. "They're taking Anthony. They're taking him too!" Father applauded as the announcer motioned to Tony to step out with the three others.

"Oh, he's got a chance after all." Ann clapped vigorously as the competitors circled round the Maypole, then formed a separate group by themselves.

Her eyes followed the announcer who reached for another rosette and an extra envelope to hand to the judges. She watched them as they moved along the row of four, examining each entry carefully before making a final decision.

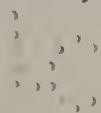
The eager audience waited until the announcer held up his hand to speak. "There's been a tie," he began, "so there—" he coughed, and stopped until he got his breath, then continued, "will have to be two first prizes instead of one."

"I wonder if it's between—" But Ann's words were lost in the cheering as the judges approached the little girl representing The Rose Queen to pin a red, white and blue rosette on her frock and hand her an envelope.

"Anthony shares it!" Father shouted overjoyed when he saw the same colored bow clasped to Tony's coat and the boy smiling his thanks for the small white folder.

"Four shillings!" Tony opened the envelope to count the prize money. "Please keep it for me." He handed Father the silver and started to wheel his bicycle toward a clearing, but stopped. "Where's Tuppence?" he asked, perplexed and worried, gazing at the empty lead hanging from Father's hand.

"Tuppence!" Father cried, astonished. "He was here





just a minute ago." He raised the clasp so as to examine it.

"It's broken. He's got away." Tony exclaimed with horror. He looked toward the Maypole. The second class was assembling. "Hurry, we've got to find him. The next one is ours."

"He couldn't have gone very far." Father tried to comfort the boy. "We'll look around. He surely must be near here."

"I'll help too," Ann offered.

"No, you stay here." Father faced Tony. "I'll meet you in front of the Post Office. I'll search the opposite side of the square."

Tony searched among the crowds gathered on the footpath, hoping for a sight of the terrier. He stepped into openings. He looked on doorsteps and in entrance ways. He stopped by a group of boys gathered with their dogs ready for the pet contest, to look for Tuppence. But he was not among them. He approached a boy scout to inquire if he had seen anything of a stray black and white wire-haired terrier with a patch of tan over his right eye.

The boy shook his head. "I'll have a look around for him," he offered.

"I wonder where he could have got to?" Tony pondered when he came to the end of the pavement leading to another part of the village. He whistled, but Tuppence did not answer his call. He cupped his hands to shout his name. But still the terrier did not appear.

Father hurrying up the square saw Tony, and hastened to him. "Let's go back to Mother, perhaps he's back there by now," he suggested.



*He cupped his hands to shout his name*



"No, no. He couldn't be. I'm going to have a look up there." Tony indicated the street, lined with shops, and ran ahead. Father followed.

Stopping in front of a grocer's shop to get his breath, Anthony heard a familiar bark. "Tuppence. Tuppence!" There was his pet, begging for a biscuit that an assistant held over his head.

"That's my dog," Tony called out loudly as he dashed into the shop. "He belongs to me," he spoke emphatically.

"He'd be fine for our Carnival." The assistant laughed good-naturedly at the thought. "And something new," he grinned, "instead of jugglers and acrobats. May I borrow him?"

Tony reached for the terrier. "Oh, no. He's going into the pet contest, and I want him now."

Father reached the shop almost on Tony's heels. "So you've found him." He smiled, relieved, as Tuppence jumped up to lick his hand.

The assistant explained. "He wandered in here and sniffled around looking for something to eat. I held up a biscuit and," he chuckled, "he started to perform. A fine dog he is. I'd like to have one like him myself." He patted Tuppence's head.

Anthony thanked the man. Clutching Tuppence tightly in his arms he hurried with Father toward the square.

"Where's Ann?" Tony asked, when they reached Mother.

"In there. Hurry. They've just begun." His mother pointed to the boys and girls gathered around the Maypole with their pets.



Quickly Father slipped the handle of the lead through the buckle of Tuppence's collar. "That'll hold. Now off with you and good luck."

"Tony!" Ann's face broke into smiles as the breathless boy stepped beside her. "You're just in time. I'm so glad you found Tuppence."

"So am I!" Tony said quietly. He shortened the strap on the terrier as a boy with a large brown dog neared them.

Around the Maypole the owners walked with their pets. There were cocker spaniels, Welsh terriers, Airedales, Scotties and mongrels, all on leads. A little girl carried a kitten. An older one soothed a Persian cat in her arms. A boy clutched a box holding a white rabbit. A small boy sat on his chestnut pony at the far side of the paraders.

"Yours are the only lambs," Tony remarked, as he looked over the entrants.

"Make him do his tricks now," Ann proposed when the announcer called a halt and they stood opposite the judges.

Anthony took a step forward toward the center of the ring. "Watch him!" He smiled confidently at the judges and held a biscuit in each hand over Tuppence's head. Then he commanded gently, "Roll over. Sit up. Beg, and salute!" He tossed the terrier his reward.

The judges laughed heartily at the performance, then turned to add up points.

"Make him do it again!" the children cried, much pleased with Tuppence's tricks.

Tony shook his head and displayed empty pockets.

"I think they've decided!" Ann's whispering voice trembled hopefully when she saw the announcer put up his

hand. She turned to wave to her mother and father.

"It's you they want," and Tony gave her a shove toward the judges, who were motioning to her.

Ann walked shyly up to them, Jack and Jill gaily trotting along with her. She received her small white envelope from them and spoke her thanks for the award.

Anthony joined in the cheering and handclapping for his sister.

Eagerly he watched the judges pin a blue on the girl with the Persian cat, and then he proudly led Tuppence up to receive the third prize. "Please," he grinned, "put it on his collar. He won it, you know."

The woman judge smiled as she fastened the red ribbon on Tuppence's neckband. She gave him a generous pat.

"They both win! They both win!" Anthony and Ann heard Father's deep voice ringing out above the applause following the awards.

Father, holding Jack and Jill, stayed with Anthony to watch the judging of the children's ponies, while Ann went with Mother to join the others changing into fancy dress costumes.

"May I borrow him?" The words of the shop assistant came back to Anthony. He was adding up the prize money he and Ann had won with the two and six they had at home and what Mr. Williams had offered Old John for his models. "I wonder," he said aloud, "I wonder if he'd give me two and six if I lent him Tuppence? That would make the thirty shillings. I'll just go and see." Tony started to leave but stopped. "Peter!" he exclaimed in surprise, seeing the farm hand making his way toward them.





*Again the fiddler played and the dancers sang*



"I'm needed at the farm. Nothing serious," Father told Anthony in a moment. "We'll take Jack and Jill and Tup-pence back with us. Tell Mother and Ann. I'll be back."

Father and Peter soon disappeared with the terrier and the lambs into the crowd moving toward the May Queen's Throne.

Tony hastened to where Mother and Ann were waiting at the head of a group of girls arrayed in fancy dress. Quickly Tony gave Father's message and confided his plan to Ann. "There'll be time when it's all over, you know," he finished excitedly as he glanced at the clock over the Post Office.

Once again they waited until the square had been cleared for the young girls in light-colored frocks and gay head bands as they assembled for the Maypole dance.

Anthony beat time with his foot. Ann hummed as the fiddler played the old refrain, *Come, Lasses and Lads*. They could hear too, the high soprano voices of the dancers singing as they tripped gracefully around the pole to unwind the Maypole ribbons.

Anthony stood erect when the performers dropped their streamers while the fiddler played the National Anthem. Proudly he and Ann joined in with the loyal crowd to sing England's hymn of praise to her King.

"The May Queen's coming. I see her." Ann shouted joyfully when the song had ended. She pointed to a girl in a long white silk gown, carrying a large bouquet of pink and white tulips. After her, followed her maids of honor in ankle-length yellow frocks, each carrying a basket of fresh spring flowers.

The children watched while a gentleman lifted a gold crown trimmed with white blossoms and a long flowing veil, from the crownbearer's cushion, and placed it on the Queen's head. They clapped their hands as the May Queen climbed to her throne to sit with her maids grouped about her.

Again the fiddler played and the dancers sang as they wound the ribbons around the Maypole.

A stout, black farm horse with red, white and blue ribbon braided in his mane and tail, was hitched to the shafts of the decorated wagon. Tony, with his gaily ornamented bicycle, walked side by side with Ann in her period costume to join the long line of paraders who were to march through the village streets.

Boys' and girls' voices rang out merrily while the fiddler led the procession playing, *For She's a Jolly Good Fellow!*

When the marchers came back into the square again, Anthony turned eagerly to his sister. "I say," he suggested, "Let's go to the grocer's shop now. Then we can go for—"

"Tony, look!" Ann interrupted, pointing.

"It's Father with Mr. Kendrick and Old John." The boy hurriedly left his bicycle beside a building and dashed down the footpath to meet the three coming toward them.

"Did you sell them?" the children asked anxiously.

"Sell them?" Mr. Kendrick laughed as he looked at the anxious faces before him. "I should say he did, and he has an order for more."

"Oh, John, I'm so glad!" Tony's voice trembled with joy. He turned to face Father, "So that's why you went back to the farm?"



“Indeed it was,” Father chuckled as he gazed toward the Inn at boys and girls hurrying through the entrance. “Now run along the two of you, or you’ll miss your tea.”

“Just to think Old John’s actually going to London!” Ann cried, lifting her long skirt to keep up with Anthony as they crossed the street.

Tony suddenly spoke up. “Listen, Ann. Old John won’t need that money now for his fare. But what do you say to our buying him a large Union Jack for his cottage? I think he’d like it.”

“And a little one to hang over the King’s picture. I’m sure he’d like that too.” Ann’s eyes sparkled at the thought, and she entered The George with Anthony for tea.







## Chapter IX

### LONDON

It was the day before the Coronation. Anthony in a dark suit and Ann in her blue tweed coat and hat to match, stood on the platform of Campden Station. Father, Mother and Old John were beside them.

"It's coming, it's coming! I see it," Tony cried excitedly. He stepped back as the engine, pulling its long line of carriages, turned the bend and entered the station.

"Here's one." Father stood before an empty compartment to open the door.

Hurriedly Ann and Anthony climbed the steep step after Mother and Old John, to take their places opposite one another by the windows.

Father fastened the door securely, then lifted the luggage to the racks over their heads.

As the train sped along, Anthony and Ann watched the passing fields bright with spring flowers and young wheat. They saw a family of ducks waddling into a brook. Boys and girls played along footpaths in front of cottages and houses. Everywhere buildings were gay with Coronation decorations,

Near Oxford the travelers saw the roofs of some of the well known University buildings outlined against the skyline in the distance.

"That's where I'm going some day," Anthony boasted proudly to Old John.

When they came to Reading, Father pointed out a sign over a large building. "That's where the biscuits are made."

"Really?" Old John's voice was full of interest, and he leaned over to get a better view of the factory.

"You have our Coronation seat tickets safe, haven't you?" Anthony asked Father anxiously for the third time.

"I should say I have." Father opened his leather folder, "And one for John as well!" He showed them the extra blue badge with Old John's name printed on it. "I wrote to Uncle James," he explained, "and asked the price of a seat, and told him who I wanted it for."

"And what's more, he got me lodgings, too." Old John put in.



"Where?" Tony was interested.

"At the Seamen's Club, not far from his hotel." The old sailor spoke proudly. "Perhaps I'll see some of my old friends there too," he added, chuckling.

"London at last!" Tony cried as the five of them stepped down to the platform at Paddington station.

Never had the children seen such crowds of people.

"Stay close to me," Father warned. "If you get lost we'll never find you." He handed a blue clad ticket-collector their tickets.

Anthony and Ann watched the man tear off half of each ticket and hand the return slips to Father.

Slowly they made their way down a flight of steps, then up a long passageway, till they came to the outside of the station. Father led them to the end of a long queue to wait their turn for a taxi.

They drove slowly through the dense traffic, past hotels, houses, cinemas, theaters, and parks decorated with flags and Coronation-colored streamers.

Spellbound, Anthony and Ann gazed at the hundreds and hundreds of red, white and blue blossoms that filled the window boxes of buildings on both sides of Regent Street.

"Look at all those!" Ann broke the silence to point, as they drove between rows of long, white banners hanging from shop fronts.

"They're all different," Anthony observed, peering at the streamers, bearing crowns in gold, emerald, red and blue.

"See those blossoms!" Old John exclaimed in delight. They were passing a large shop in Piccadilly all covered with a trellis decorated with thousands of pink roses.



Ann leaned out of the window to have another glimpse. "I've never seen anything so beautiful."

"It's certainly a good thing," Father commented, "that the bus men chose this time to go on strike. One would never get through the streets otherwise."

Stands were erected everywhere along the way. Some were trimmed, others painted in red, white and gold. Poles edged the pavements, some with red and white streamers, others with green and white, each pole topped with the Golden Imperial Crown and Lion.

At last they came in sight of Uncle James' hotel, and at once recognized Father's flowers, which made a gay showing in their window boxes under the draped Union Jacks. The children felt very proud of their father's display, and they craned their necks to gaze up at the building. Those massed blossoms represented their own special share in the Coronation splendors.

"A bit of home," Old John remarked, smiling.

"When Old John has settled himself at the Club and we've all had our tea, then we'll start out again!" Father said, after registering their names at the reception clerk's desk.

"There's Uncle James!" Ann went to greet the manager coming toward them.

"Where's Old John?" he inquired anxiously.

"He'll be along soon," Father answered, as they turned to the lifts.

"Oh, Tony, I'm so excited, I don't know what to do." Ann gulped when they were ready to start out.

"So am I!"



*The flowers made a gay showing in their window boxes*



"Let me see, which way shall we go first?" Father opened a map of the Procession route. "We've covered this much,"—he ran his finger over the course the taxi driver had followed, "so we'll begin from —"

"There." Tony indicated the Admiralty Arch. "Old John would like to see that too, you know," he added.

Through the crowded streets Father, with Ann and Tony beside him, led the way. Old John and Mother followed close behind.

"Look at all the bobbies!" Tony pointed to the blue-clad policemen in helmets and white gloves standing on pavements and in the center of streets, busy answering questions and directing the crowds.

They neared Trafalgar Square and saw the statue of Nelson on its tall column guarded by four bronze lions. Throngs of men, women, and children were already gathered on the base of the monument and on the surrounding steps. Some had brought camp stools, others had rugs or blankets spread out to sit on. Evidently they meant to camp there till tomorrow, and had brought their food supplies with them, judging from the numerous bags, baskets, parcels, and suitcases.

"They got here early and mean to spend the night," Father smiled. "They don't want to risk losing their places, you know."

He led his little party carefully across the wide street to the entrance of the Mall, to halt before the Admiralty Arch.

"Doesn't it look fine!" Old John straightened himself proudly as he gazed at the large floral crown in the center



of the building, with a row of blue and gold flowers on either side of it and baskets of blossoms hung in the three open archways.

At the Horse Guards they lingered to stare at the two mounted sentries then on duty. These two wore white gauntlets, brass plumed helmets, steel cuirasses over scarlet coats above white breeches and black boots. Man and horse sat motionless as statues in their sentry boxes on either side of the entrance. It seemed as if the sentries did not move even their eyelids, but forever looked straight ahead. Tony was interested in the sword that each guard held over his right shoulder. Ann was pleased with the red and white color scheme that decorated the building.

"How long do they have to sit there?" Tony asked, impressed with the perfect composure of the men and their mounts.

"They change guard at the end of every hour," Father told him.

"Ann, imagine sitting still a whole hour!" Tony exclaimed. "I don't think I could ever be a Horse Guard, do you?" He grinned mischievously.

The streets grew still more crowded as they made their way slowly along the congested pavements and more than once they were crowded off the curb. Everywhere were flags and trophies.

When they came to the Cenotaph, Anthony and Old John and Father removed their hats. "It's one of our finest shrines," Father explained to Anthony and Ann. They all were gathered in the middle of the street where the magnificent memorial is erected.

Father read the stirring inscription to them:

“AN IMPERIAL GRAVE FOR ALL THOSE CITIZENS  
OF THE EMPIRE, OF EVERY CREED AND RANK,  
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR”

In silence the children gazed at the wreaths laid at the foot of the memorial, many of them gifts from foreign countries.

“It’s lovely!” Ann whispered.

Farther along the party had a glimpse of Number Ten Downing Street, the official residence of the Prime Minister.

They reached the Houses of Parliament just in time to hear Big Ben chiming the hour from the tall clock-tower; and stood at last before Westminster Abbey, where for centuries England’s kings and queens have taken their coronation oath. Here, tomorrow’s solemn ceremony would take place, another link in the great chain of history. For a long time the children stood looking up reverently at the grey age-old towers of the Abbey, that seemed to them more impressive than ever before.

“How about a glimpse of Buckingham Palace?” Father said, as they threaded their way back toward Whitehall.

All along the curb were street-hawkers, both men and women, their trays and baskets filled with candy, toys and Coronation souvenirs for sale. Tony grinned at three boys passing them with red, white and blue paper caps and badges which they had just bought.

“I’m so excited,” Ann told him, “that I’ve got little shivers running up and down inside me.”

“Same here,” Tony told her as they followed Father through the gates of St. James’ Park.





*Westminster Abbey*



"Aren't the flowers lovely," Mother exclaimed, lingering on the foot-bridge by the lake to look back at the massed beds and borders of spring blossoms. Mother always loved flowers, and it was hard to drag her away from the sight of them. But the children were anxious to hurry on.

"I can see it, I can see it," Tony was the first to call out.

They passed out through another wide driveway, between two stands with white, gold and red decorations, Gold Imperial Crowns and Lions topped the white posts from which hung long pendant banners emblazoned with the Royal Coat of Arms, lining both sides of the wide avenue leading to the town residence of the King and Queen. The Royal Standard flying from the building told the people that Their Majesties were in residence there.

"We shan't be able to get near it," Father said dubiously, as they stood to the left of the Victoria Memorial in front of the Palace. Crowds filled every inch of space before the stone pillars on which carved figures of the Lion and Unicorn were visible at intervals above the black iron railings.

"I've never seen so many people," Ann exclaimed as Father lifted her to his shoulder to get a better view. But there was no chance of getting any nearer through that packed crowd.

They turned at last to walk back through the Mall. "Where's Old John got to?" Father asked anxiously.

"There he is." Tony caught sight of the old sailor coming toward them with his hands behind his back.

"Here's one for you, and one for you." Old John smiled as he joined them again, handing Ann and Anthony each a small Union Jack. He reached into his pocket for two

little cardboard boxes. "Here's something I thought you'd like to keep, always!"

"Tony, look!" And Ann raised the lid.

"It's a Coronation Medal!" Tony cried, delighted with his gift. "Thank you, Old John. I will keep it always."

"And so will I." Ann ran her fingers lightly over the silver medallion.

The long spring daylight was still bright in the sky when Father guided them homeward through the crowds, now getting thicker and thicker.

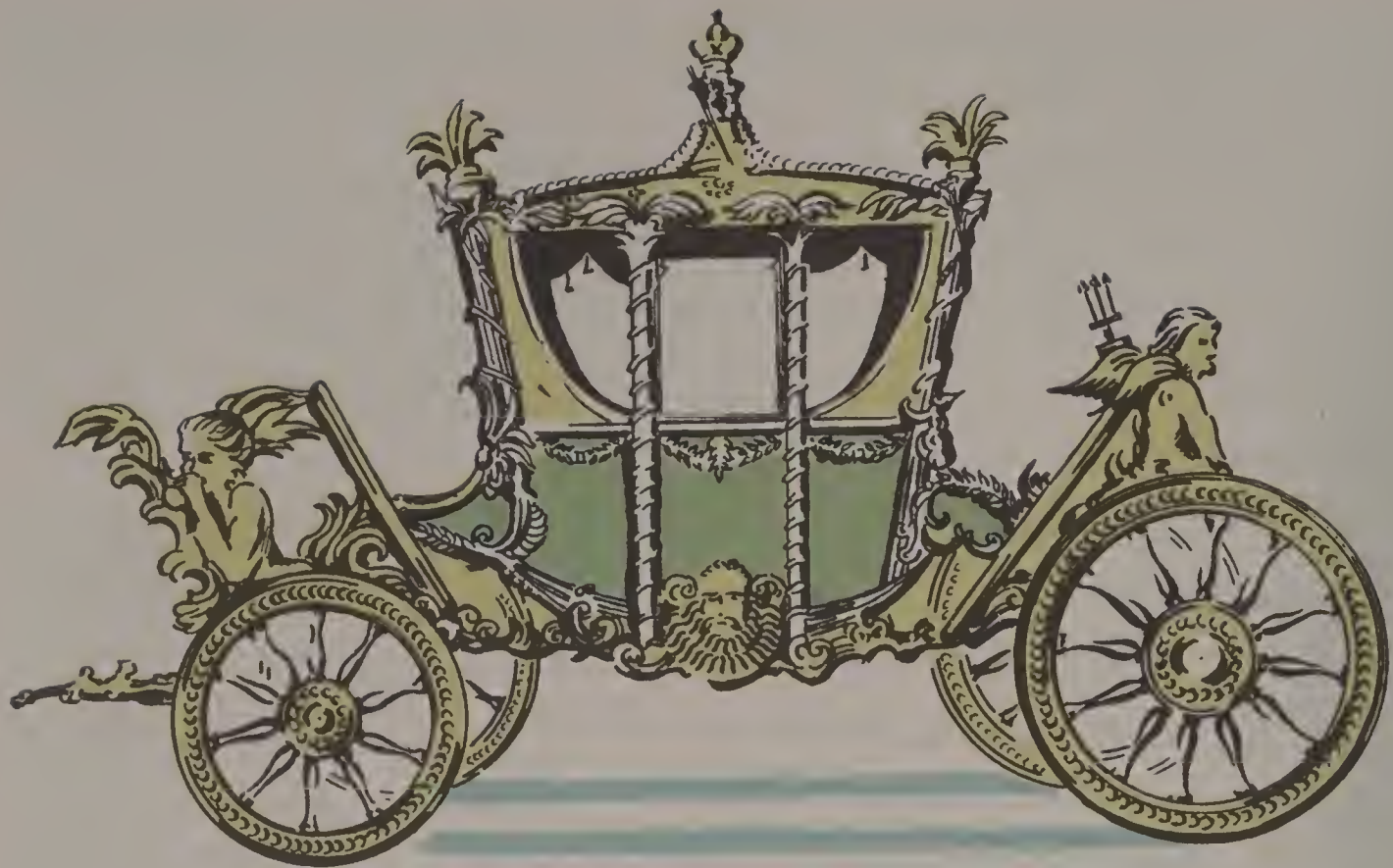
When they reached the outside of the hotel he gave Old John his Coronation seat ticket. The seaman thanked him, then bade them all good night and started toward his lodgings.

"Don't forget to come early," Tony called after him. Old John smiled as he nodded back at them.

"And now," Father turned to his weary family, "I suggest we have supper in our rooms, and then to bed. Tomorrow will be another long and exciting day, you know."

"Rather!" Tony grinned, and followed Mother and Ann through the revolving doors.





## Chapter X

### CORONATION DAY

Early the next morning a hand shook Ann vigorously awake. "I say, Ann, get up!" Tony stood beside her bed. "The streets are simply jammed with people—more than yesterday." He shook her again.

Ann rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "Of course—it's Coronation Day!" She followed Tony to the window.

"Look there." Tony pointed to the throngs of men, women and children, some standing, others sitting on the pavements on either side of the sand-covered street, waiting patiently for the procession to pass on its way from Westminster Abbey.



Ann's eyes wandered from the long line of policemen and foot guards standing in front of the orderly throngs, to the roofs and windows of the buildings, packed solidly with spectators.

"Oh, Tony, isn't it wonderful? I'm so thrilled!" Ann's face was wreathed in smiles as she gazed up and down the wide thoroughfare.

"Hurry up and dress." Tony's voice shook with excitement as he started to leave the room. He poked his head back through the half-closed door to say, "Don't forget your badge." He waved a purse rattling with coins, "I've got an idea!"

"What is it?" Ann asked eagerly. The latch clicking on the bolt answered her. Quickly she slipped into her clothes. As she reached for her blue and gold emblem to pin it to her frock, she heard a band playing and the voices of the crowd singing heartily. Humming to herself, she hurried down the passage to join Tony.

"Not so fast," Father smiled over the table at the boy. "There's plenty of time. The procession doesn't pass here until after lunch."

"I know." Tony winked at Ann. He felt the bulging purse in his pocket. "But I want to get on, just the same. There's a lot to see, you know." He helped himself to another piece of bacon.

When breakfast was over, the family found Old John already waiting for them in the lounge. He was looking very smart in his dark blue suit.

"How long have you been here?" Tony asked eagerly.

"Long before you were up." Old John grinned. "Round

six o'clock. Had to, to get through that crowd." He waved in the direction of the congested street.

"We'll be back soon. We've got something very important to attend to," Tony told him. He beckoned to Ann.

"What is it?" Ann was curious as they stood in front of the Enquiries desk.

"Don't you remember what we said we'd do with the money?"

"The money? Oh, yes." Ann's eyes sparkled, "but where will we get them? We'll never get out!" She looked through the revolving doors to the closed outer door, with policemen standing in front of it and the masses gathered in the street.

"Leave that to me." Tony turned to address the Enquiries clerk. "Did Uncle James leave a message for us?"

The clerk smiled at the children over the counter, then pressed a bell. "Take Master and Miss Edwards to the head porter, and give him this." He handed the page a slip of paper.

"Get that," and Tony grinned mischievously at Ann. "Miss Edwards!"

"Well, what about the 'Master?'" Ann chuckled as they followed the boy in uniform through the hall, now filling up with guests, to the porter's section.

"Thank you." Tony opened his purse to hand their guide a sixpence, then faced the porter. "Can you take us?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course I can, those are my orders." The man folded the message and smiled as he looked at the children's badges. "You're all right. We'll be able to get through."

He reached for his hat and took a pass from a drawer, then led them past the policeman onto the cleared pavement at the side of the hotel.

Tony and Ann stared at the number of people standing row after row behind each other in the street.

"There's many a body been standing out here since yesterday," the porter said as he led them up the Haymarket.

"We'll be back in time, won't we?" Ann appealed to the man when she heard the voice of an announcer coming through an amplifier saying that Their Majesties were just leaving Buckingham Palace.

"Indeed we will." The man smiled at her anxious face, and turned into a side street to stop before a hawker carrying Union Jacks and badges of all sizes and descriptions.

"Remember, we want a very large one and a small one," Ann reminded Tony.

"How about this?" The porter fingered the largest flag.

"It's not large enough." Tony was insistent. "But," he added, "that one will do for the smaller one." He pointed to a medium-sized standard. "You see," he explained, "the big flag is to fly from a roof."

"That's the best we can do now." The porter faced the children.

"Wait!" Tony shouted. He had caught sight of another hawker, carrying nothing but flags, at the far end of the street. He dashed toward him.

"Come back, Master Edwards, come back!" The porter started after him with Ann running at his side.

But Tony had turned the corner and disappeared into the crowd.



"He'll get lost. I know he will," Ann cried out.

"No use to fret," the porter tried to console Ann. "He's got his badge and the name of the hotel on him, and he can't get very far. Hold on to my sleeve; one little body gone for the time being is enough." Cautiously he started with the girl to make his way through the congested street.

"Lucky these pavements are not so crowded on the side." The porter tried to be cheerful.

"I don't see him. He's lost, I know he is," and Ann's eyes brimmed up with tears.

"We'll have another look down this way, and if we don't find him, I'll go back for help."

"There's a hawker!" Ann pointed hopefully to the other side of the street.

The porter approached a policeman and showed his pass. "We're looking for a young gentleman about two inches taller than the young lady here," he pointed to Ann.

"Just took one across the street," the policeman led them over the sand-covered road.

"Did you just sell a young gentleman a large flag?" The porter stood in front of the hawker.

The hawker shook his head.

"Maybe he doesn't remember." Ann was hopeful. "Look, look there!" she said excitedly. She pointed to a boy making his way through the crowded pavement, almost hidden by the huge flag he was carrying over his shoulder. "Maybe it's Tony."

"Let's hope so." The porter led Ann carefully down the gangway, but the boy's figure was already lost in the crowd.



*"We're looking for a young gentleman"*



The porter, puzzled and worried, did not know which way to turn. "Perhaps he's gone back to the hotel," he suggested. "We'll go and see."

Another policeman took them back across the street.

"Ann! Ann!"

The girl turned about. Tony, perspiring, was making his way toward them at the end of the sidewalk. He gripped a long pole with a Union Jack wrapped neatly around its top.

"Tony, Tony," Ann cried, "where have you been?"

"Master Edwards!" The porter looked relieved at the sight of the boy.

"I got it from the hawker," Tony said coolly. "The one I saw at the far end of the street. I had a hard time to get to him. It's a beauty, isn't it?" he added breathlessly, as he unwound the flag to display its size.

"Rather!" Ann took a deep breath.

"I say," Tony chuckled as he looked at the decorations over Father's plants, "I do believe it's nearly as big as those."

"Have you any money left?" Ann whispered to Tony when they reached the entrance of the hotel.

"Half a crown," Tony laughed, "just what we had to begin with."

"I want it for the porter." Ann's voice was low. "You should give him ten shillings for all the trouble you caused him."

"Thank you, miss," the porter smiled. "I hope the young master's flag is the right size." He chuckled as he led them past the policeman and entered the hotel.

"Ann! Anthony! Where have you been?" Father's



face was very worried as he met them in the large hall.

"Buying these," Tony replied and displayed his purchases. "They're for Old John. The large one," he explained, "is for his cottage, and the smaller one to hang over the King's picture."

"So that accounts for your running off!" Father smiled at the two culprits, as they started toward the lounge.

The large room was filled with guests seated on chairs, benches and stools. The words, "Sirs, I here present unto you King George, your undoubted King. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?" rang out through the amplifier as the children entered.

"Is it nearly over?" Tony asked anxiously.

Father shook his head as he led them toward Mother and Old John.

Silently the children listened to the remainder of the broadcast coming from Westminster Abbey, describing the service and the crowning of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and when it was all over they stood up with the other guests to sing the National Anthem played in honor of their new King and Queen.

When the ceremony ended, Tony turned to Ann, "Let's give them to Old John now. You take the smaller one. I'll carry the big one. It's pretty heavy, you know."

"All right," Ann smiled. She clutched the flag and stepped toward the retired seaman.

"We thought," she said softly, "you'd like these for your cottage and the King's picture."

"Like them!" Old John's eyes were misty. "I—" his

voice faltered, then he reached out to clasp both children together in a tight hug.

Father glanced at his watch. "How about some lunch?" he suggested.

"Jolly good idea," Tony answered over Old John's arm.

"We'll leave the large flag with the porter." Father turned to the old man when they came into the hall. "He'll take care of it for you until the Procession is over."

"I say, Ann," Tony leaned over to whisper to the girl as they lingered at the table after their midday meal, "We've got to get our flags." And he started to get up.

"Anthony. Ann." Father beckoned to the two. "I thought you'd want these." He reached into his inside coat pocket to hand each of them their gifts from Old John.

"Our flags and Coronation medals!" Ann looked at Tony. "We were just thinking of them."

Old John and Mother smiled as they watched the children pin their souvenirs over their Coronation seat badges.

"We'd better carry on," Father suggested, and glanced round the dining room, nearly empty of guests.

"What a fine place we've got!" Old John exclaimed excitedly when they reached their seats on the hotel balcony. It overlooked the wide thoroughfare along which the Procession would pass.

Tony clutched his flag and gazed wide-eyed, as far as he could see, at the thousands of people on roofs, in windows, in stands, on statues, and lining the pavement.

"Did you ever see such a sight?" Father said.

"Look at the scouts and the guard's officer!" Tony's voice shook with excitement as he watched a group of





*He reached out to clasp both children in a tight hug*



boys in khaki uniforms selling Coronation Programmes. The mounted officer held his horse in check as he passed the enthusiastic throngs.

"Listen." Ann's head was turned in the direction of a loud-speaker on the street, announcing that the Procession was about to enter Trafalgar Square.

"They're coming, they're coming I see them," shouted Tony, waving his Union Jack vigorously.

It was an exciting moment. The pageant and procession they had been looking forward to all these past months was becoming a reality at last.

In the distance the head of the Procession entered the street—first an officer of the War Office staff, followed by an officer and four troopers of The Life Guards—the troopers' silver helmets and cuirasses glistening in the fleeting sun.

Father read aloud from his programme, "The first contingent approaching are the Colonials and those behind—"

But his voice was drowned by Old John's, Anthony's and Ann's energetic handclapping for the men of the Royal West African Frontier Force in fezzes, heavily braided jackets and khaki shorts. After them came the Burma troops, picturesque in blue and scarlet; and then rank after rank of khaki clad figures, the colonial troops from Southern Rhodesia, South Africa and New Zealand.

Tony turned to gaze at Father's programme. "Those are the Australians."

"Indeed they are grand!" Old John waved his flag as airmen, soldiers and sailors marched by. Everyone cheered at the sight of the slouched hats and bronzed faces of these

soldiers from across the sea. They were followed in turn by the Canadians—Mounties in wide-brimmed khaki hats, scarlet tunics and blue breeches; Air Force in sky blue; soldiers in khaki and sailors in blue.

On and on they came. It seemed as if there were no end to them. The Royal Air Force, headed by its band, brought rousing cheers as they filed past in perfect formation, but Ann's attention was attracted to the next contingent. "Oh, look at those. Look!" She jumped with excitement when India's bearded warriors came into view, in their colorful turbans and tunics of white, blue, green, scarlet and gold, glowing with all the splendor of the East.

Division after division of the Territorial army swept past, each led by its own band; the skirling pipers of the Highland Light Infantry in their huge feather bonnets, red jackets and tartan trousers, the Scottish Borderers in Kil-marnock bonnets and scarlet tunics. On they marched, line after line of smart soldiers cheered by the throngs of on-lookers lining the route.

"Those are splendid," Father cried as the mounted band of the Royal Artillery swung into sight, followed by the drivers and gunners. The guns, drawn by teams of six horses, were burnished till they shone as brilliantly as the horses' harness.

Behind them came the cavalry—Dragoons, Hussars and Lancers on their perfectly trained horses, lances glittering.

"John, look!" Tony turned as the detachments of the Navy and Marines, with the Marines Band, halted just in front of the hotel. Three naval officers were there in blue and gold uniforms and cocked hats.

"Those," said Old John proudly, "are men from the Royal Naval Reserve and the Naval Volunteers. And a fine lot of men they are!" This, he felt, was his special part of the procession.

Father was watching the empire statesmen as they drove past in closed carriages, escorted by cavalry. The last carriage bore the Prime Minister and his wife.

Now came the members of the Royal family. The children had a good view of Queen Mary and the two little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, riding in a State coach drawn by bay horses, with coachman and footmen in scarlet and gold livery.

"They are lovely!" Ann cried, spellbound by the sight of the two little girls smiling and nodding from the magnificent glass coach, that looked as if it might have been the very coach which carried Cinderella to her ball in the old fairy tale.

Behind them jingled a division of the Royal Escort bearing the Standard and followed by the mounted band of The Royal Scots Greys on their dappled chargers; and led by the drummer on his famous black drum horse, prancing as proudly as though he were the most important being in the Procession.

As the colorful pageant continued to pass, Father pointed out the mounted escorts from the Colonies and the Dominions. The Yeoman of the Guard—the men known as Beef-eaters—and the massed bands of the Household Cavalry and the Sovereign's Escort.

"It's coming. I can see it!" Ann shouted excitedly. She looked down the wide thoroughfare to where eight Wind-





*The two little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose*

sor greys, with gold and scarlet trappings, were drawing the famous State Coach. Four of the greys were ridden by postillions wearing dark blue velvet jockey caps over powdered wigs. Their scarlet monkey jackets, heavily embroidered, were bright with gold lace above white breeches and black riding boots with flesh-colored tops. Royal Footmen walked beside the horses, while Yeomen of the Guard marched at intervals beside the coach. The Beefeaters were brilliant in their picturesque uniforms of ancient days—a flat-brimmed black velvet hat with red, white and blue ribbons, a white muslin ruff at the neck above a Tudor doublet of scarlet cloth embroidered with royal emblems, scarlet breeches and stockings and a gold garter with red, white and blue rosette.

“It’s the King and Queen!” Old John could hardly make himself heard above the tremendous roaring and cheers from the crowd, as the dazzling gold coach drew near. The King wore his Royal Purple Robe of State and his Imperial State Crown. In his right hand he held the Sceptre with the Cross—in his left, the Orb. The Queen in her Royal robes carried the Sceptre with the Cross and the Ivory Rod with the Dove.

“It’s like a dream.” Tony, very much awed, leaned over the balcony to get another glimpse of the coach with its elaborate ornamentation and gilded carving. The three figures on top, he knew, represented England, Scotland and Ireland, supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain. In their hands were the Sceptre, the Sword of State and the Ensigns of Knighthood.

Like a dream, indeed, the golden State Coach had come



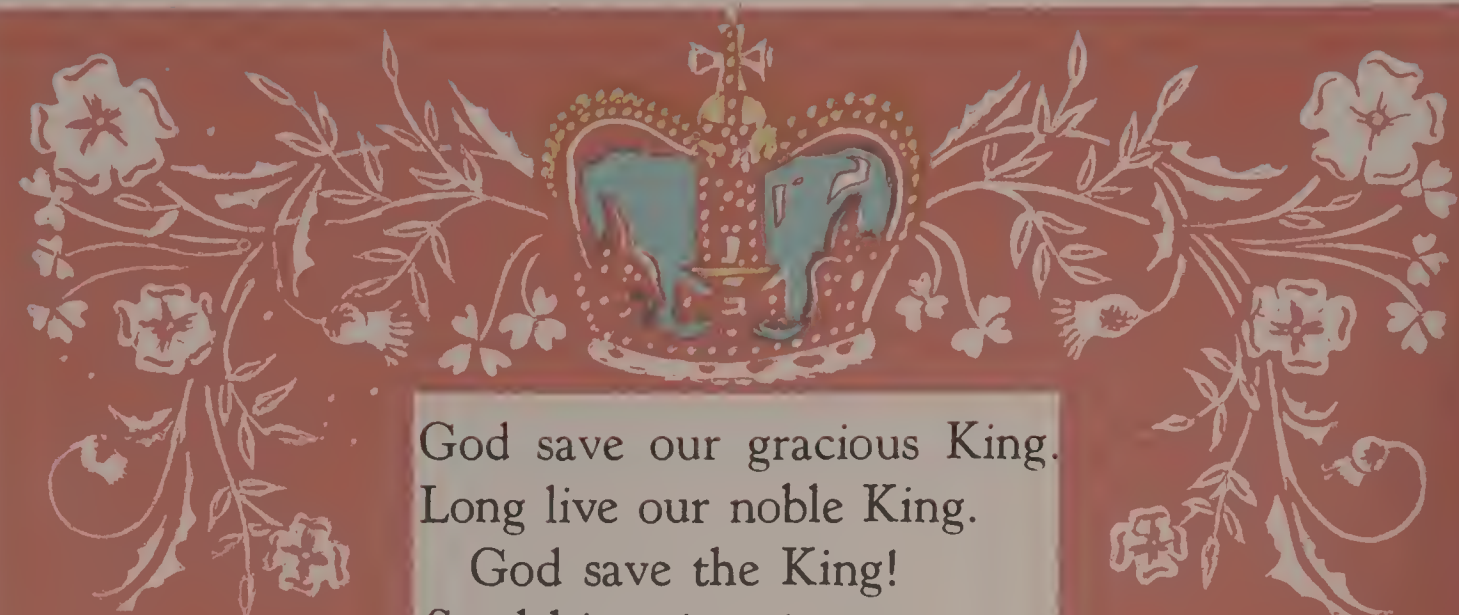
and gone, leaving everyone a little dazed, a little breathless. More carriages, whose occupants there was barely time to note, a final division of the Royal Escort bringing up the rear—and the Procession was over.

The children drew a long breath. They could hardly believe the Procession was at an end. But in the street below the crowds were already breaking rank, and people were jostling this way and that on the sand-strewn avenue where a moment ago the royal carriage had passed.

Tears were in Old John's eyes as he watched the last glint of color disappear in the distance, swallowed up in the sea of people. There was a lump in Tony's throat and Ann's cheeks flushed as a band broke out into the National Anthem. One and all rose to their feet as the familiar words swelled out in a thrilling chorus from the throng below:





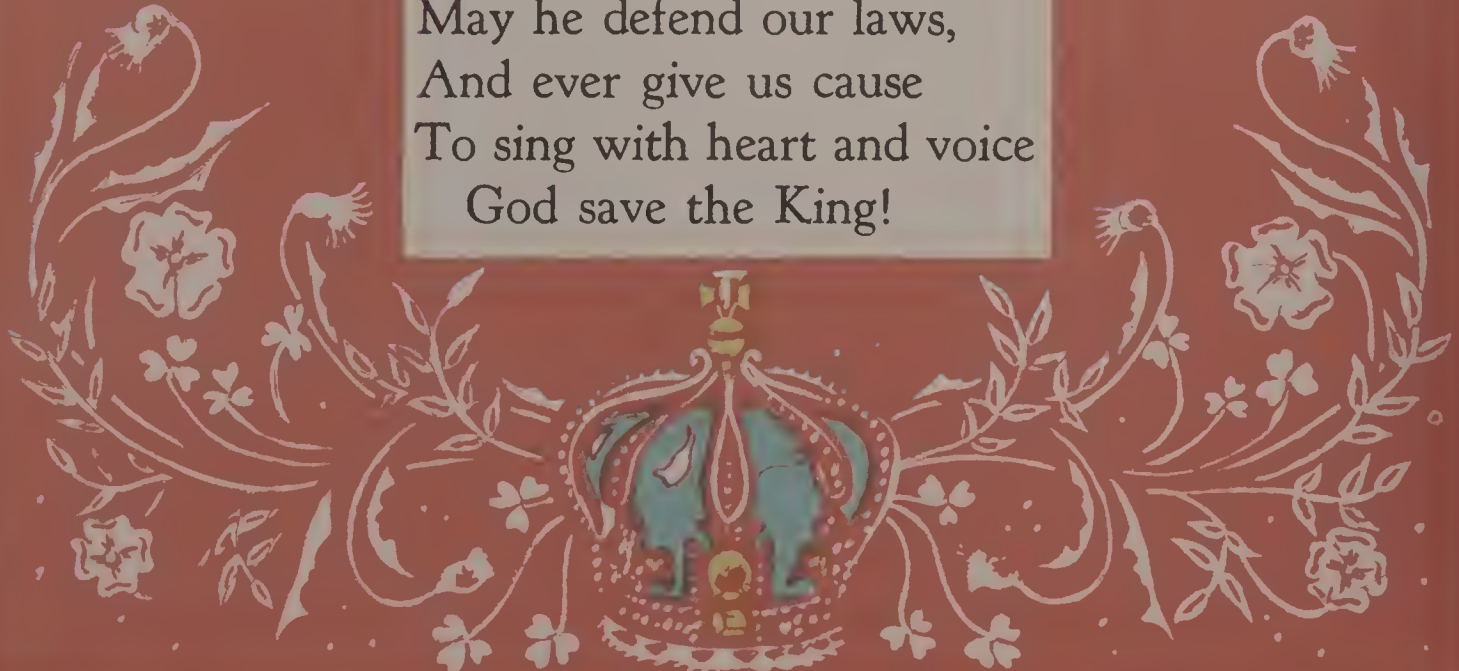


God save our gracious King.  
Long live our noble King.

God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies  
And make them fall:  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks:  
On Thee our hopes we fix:  
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the King!













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